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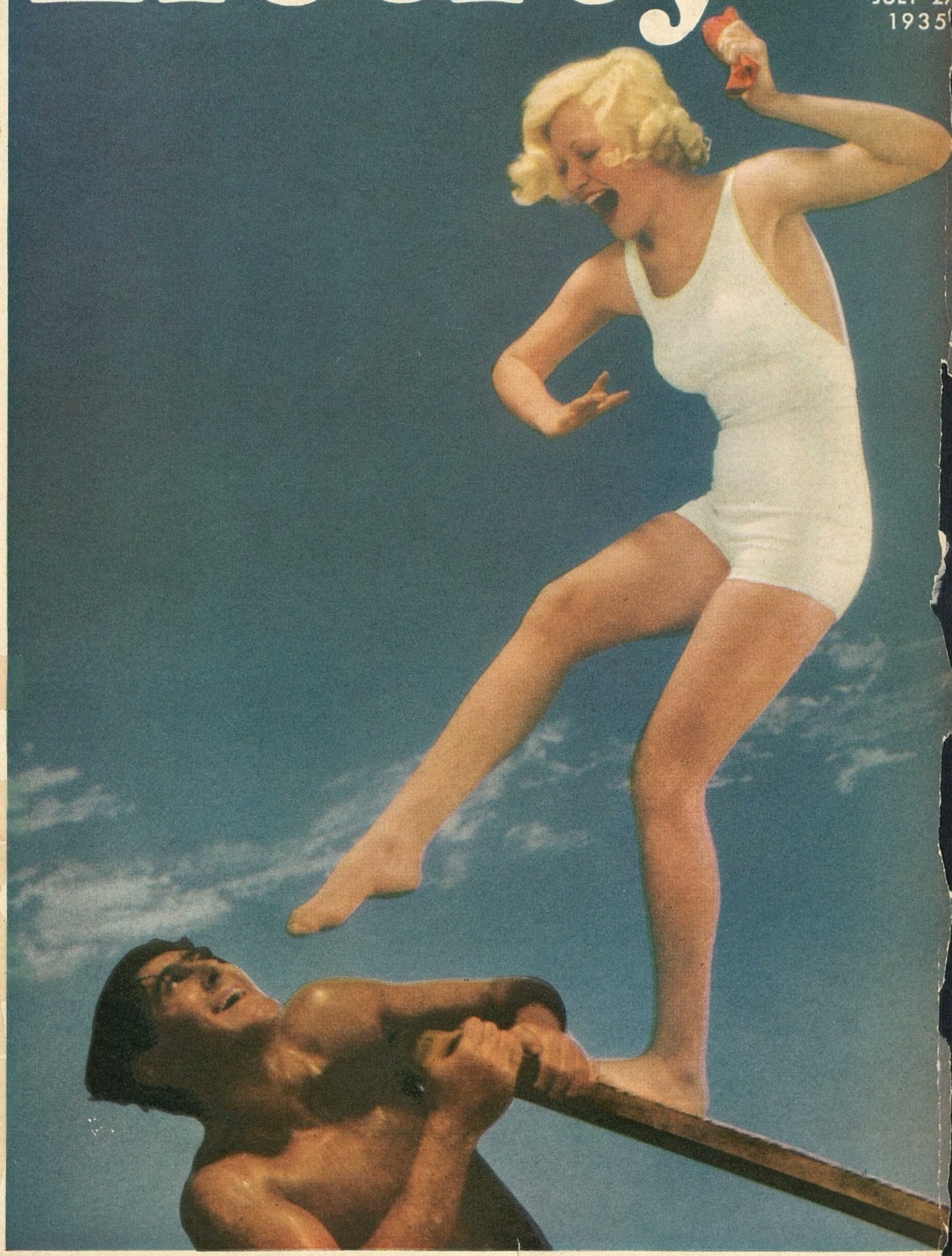

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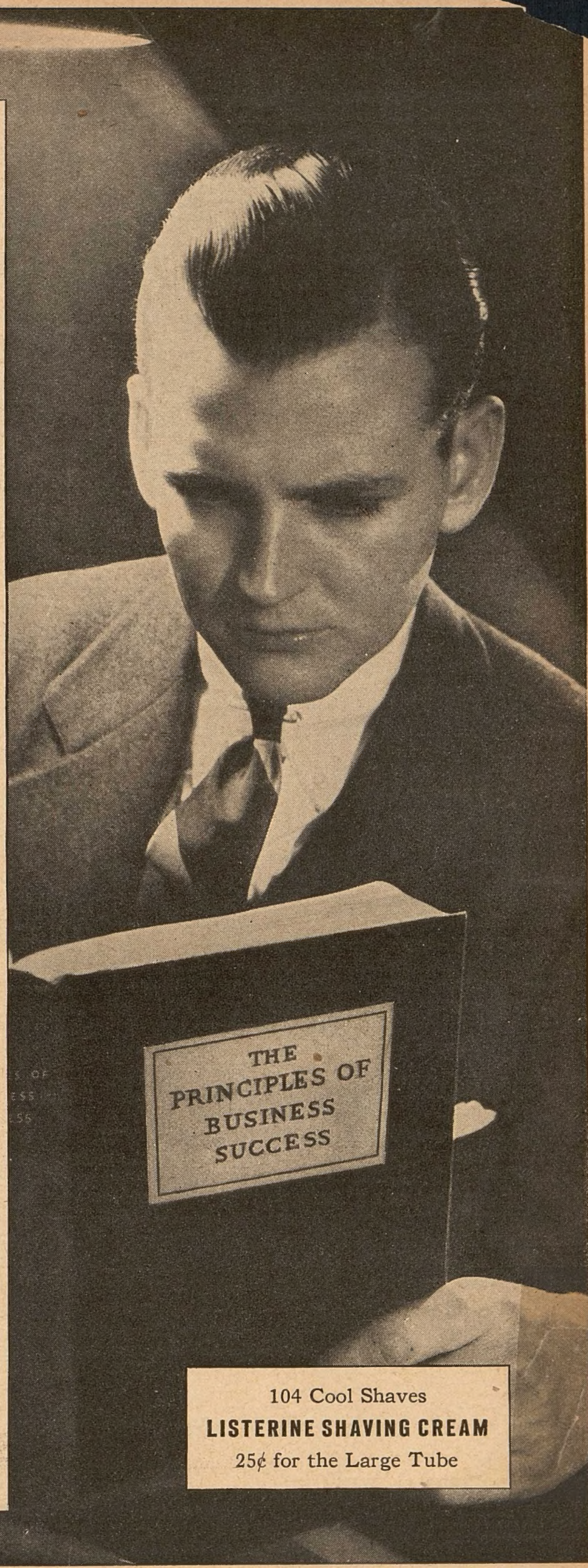

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JULY 27, 1935

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VOL. 12, NO. 30

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

The American Home Is Going to — !!

ALONG with the radical changes which have taken place in this country within the last generation, we have almost the entire destruction of the old-time American home.

It is an old saying, the truth of which has never been denied, that a nation's strength and greatness is developed and maintained by substantial homes.

The building of a home stabilizes a citizen. He is more dependable when settled in a happy home life.

A few generations ago we were exceedingly proud of our American homes. Our children grew up respecting their parents. They willingly obeyed them. There was discipline in nearly every family. And boys and girls as they grew up into maturity looked back upon their early training with pleasure and satisfaction.

There may have been difficult periods. Life may have been exacting, extremely rigid in its requirements. Food may have been scarce at times. The duties were often arduous to an extreme degree. And yet there were plenty of opportunities for wholesome fun and frolic, and as a nation we grew with mighty strides.

But more especially within the last generation, with the war as a disorganizing force, our home life has disintegrated. Our children now grow up with little or no respect for their parents. Discipline has flown to the winds, and we hear the natural query, What is the character of the influence which has brought about this revolutionary change?

We will doubtless have to first blame the World War for smashing many of our ideals. But there are many other important factors. There are the fantastic theories on child training of some of our high-minded (?) psychologists, who describe in minute detail just how to raise our children, although they may never have reared one themselves. And there are the psychoanalysts, Freud and his imitators, who claim that nearly all evil traits have causes that we should carefully determine by prolonged study of a child's past environment, even during the uterine period of his existence.

And last but not least, there are the multitudinous restrictions that are growing greater year by year in the form of state and national laws that confront the average parent. Every intelligent individual wants to be law-abiding, and he often complies with legal restrictions to the disadvantage of his offspring. And there, too, is the difficulty that arises when there is divided authority in the household, when both husband and wife are dominant characters, with the resulting clash in authority. The children then lose confidence in the viewpoint of their elders and discipline entirely disappears.

We often wonder why the sons and daughters of rich or even fairly well-to-do parents frequently grow up into good-for-nothing ciphers; but the answer is found, partly at least, in the confliction of parental authority and in the laws that compel parents to maintain their children in luxurious affluence to which they may have at one time become accustomed, provided it can continuously be afforded by the supporting unit of the family. Coddling of this sort often makes it difficult or impossible for children to develop the character and ability essential for them to become worth-while citizens.

The chase for the dollar, the mad and at times fanatical effort to win outstanding success, often impairs the affection and effaces human sympathy so needful to a happy home life.

To be a competent breadwinner is indeed worthy. But we all overrate the importance of money. Pecuniary independence is an almost universal ambition, and when it is attained it is practically worthless unless used to support one's dependents; for an active worker who has acquired such affluence could never find happiness in idleness.

If we really want a dependable procedure for rearing our children we should study the principles adhered to in our pioneer days. That would take away all the frills and furbelows which make up a large part of our modern requirements for education, although it demands a very careful drill in what we commonly term the three R's, while accepting every possible opportunity to acquire actual experience in work to which one expects to devote his life. "Learn through work" was a valuable slogan during that period.

And if the American home is to be saved as something worth while, activity of body and brain which develops every part of the human organism is an outstanding requirement. And there must be some definite means of settling the confusion that arises in family life in the household without a head. Either husband or wife should dominate the home. And if it cannot be settled amicably there should be legal measures that could be used without the disgrace of publicity to accomplish this important result.

Home building is impossible unless parents can retain the respect of their children. And every measure, legal and otherwise, for the attainment of this object should be instituted.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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THE GOD-INSPIRED

Idiot

by SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

A Deeply Moving Story—of a Brush with Death, a Rendezvous with Love, and a Man Who Wouldn't Quit Twice

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

THE lights of the car behind veered erratically again, and Dr. Rainey snorted. Drunken young fools inviting fractures, concussion, and internal injuries, fairly begging for splints, casts, ether, and the scalpel.

He had a reputation for being hard, and he was glad of it. If people wanted sympathy they could go somewhere else. If they needed surgery they could come to him and get it. That's all he had to offer—his skill with a scalpel. And all he wanted in return was his fee.

Fifteen years ago it had been different. A lot of things had been different then, before Doris had made a fascinated fool of him and the flu had taken young Doug. If Doris had been there to give the boy a mother's care— But Doris hadn't been there.

The lights of the car behind were closer now and were swinging wide to pass him. Dr. Rainey trod a trifle harder on the accelerator; in his present mood he didn't care to be passed.

He put Doris out of his mind. Doris was dead—had been dead for six years. Let the dead past bury its dead.

The dead past had made a gray man of Dr. Rainey before his time. There was gray around his temples, and his face was gray and hard, like granite, matching the steely gray challenge of his eyes. All the past had left him which was good were the skill of his hands and that uncanny instinct, that extra sense, which marks the successful surgeon. In another five years—

The other car was almost abreast of him now. Seventy-five his speedometer boasted, but the sport roadster was floating by, just the same.

He caught a glimpse of a girl's white hand waving at him; a girl in a yellow dress, with bright hair whipping back from her face. Beside her, at the wheel, was a lad in his shirt sleeves, laughing. Dr. Rainey caught the glint of the youth's white even teeth as the other car slowly edged ahead.

Then, suddenly, the roadster cut to the right.

The young fools knew better than to cut in like that. If they thought they were going to crowd him into the ditch they were badly—

Metal crashed and screeched. Rubber shrieked as it skidded on the concrete. A girl cried out from a distance: a thin, eerie sound, to hang in the memory.

Dr. Rainey cursed himself for a stubborn fool as he swung, too late, toward the ditch. There was a pinging sound as the two cars disentangled; a bump, a lurch, a cruel scarlet impact, and—black nothingness. . . .

The three of them, Hale, Drummond, and Ziegler, stood beside the high narrow white bed, all of them grave as judges. Ziegler, who had just finished his internship—a young red-headed comer who was going to make a name for himself—was biting his lower lip nervously.

"There wasn't anything else to do, Doug," said Drummond, who had his own clinic and was twenty years older than Dr. Rainey. "It was—macerated. But even so I called in Hale and Ziegler for consultation. They were in perfect agreement with me."

"Certainly," Dr. Rainey said dully. "Nothing else to do. I quite understand. Nothing—else—to do."

Ziegler made some sort of sound and turned abruptly. He stumbled as he went through the broad hospital-room door.

"Tough," said Drummond softly. "Not your loss alone, Doug. The community—whole profession—"

Why did they have to stand there and talk about it?

"Sure," said Dr. Rainey. "Tough. Nothing else to do, though—except to be a little careless with your ligatures. That would have been a favor, you know."

Hale strode to the window and stared out into the street, his hands deep in his pockets, his head bowed. Drummond paled around the lips, but he stood there looking down at Dr. Rainey.

"That's nonsense, Doug," he said quietly. "Even without—that right hand—you'll be a better man than most of us. Keep your chin up, boy. See you in the morning."

He left, and Dr. Hale followed him.

The nurse came in immediately, but Dr. Rainey closed his eyes and pretended not to notice her.

The effect of the shock was wearing away. They couldn't keep him under morph forever. Some bright morning he would have to face the fact, with a clear undulled mind, that his right arm was gone. Gone forever. Cut off at the shoulder. He could feel the place where it had been. It was hot and huge and very tender; it burned, and sharp pains radiated from it down his side, across his back, into his neck and shoulder.

Perhaps he would have hallucinations about it. They were not uncommon. He might imagine a fly was crawling on that arm; that his hand itched.

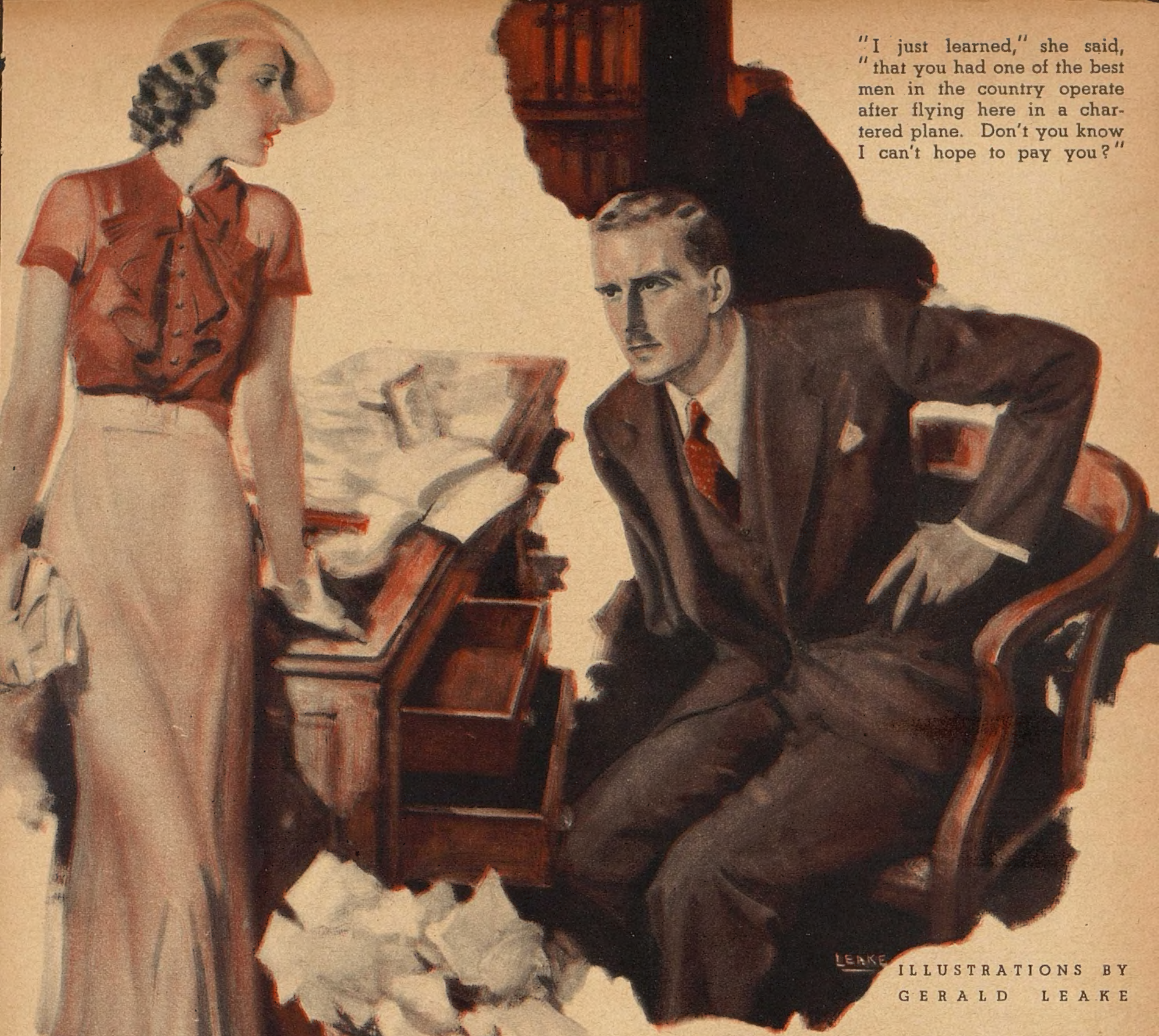
"Nurse," he said, and opened his eyes. She was bending over him instantly.

"Yes, Dr. Rainey?"

"Let's see; it was last night, wasn't it?"

"That you were injured? Yes."

"The other car—any one hurt?"


"I just learned," she said, "that you had one of the best men in the country operate after flying here in a chartered plane. Don't you know I can't hope to pay you?"
LEAKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE

"Apparently not. They didn't stop, even. You were picked up some little time later, we think. You had lost some blood."

"And they operated—"

"This morning, early. I really believe you should rest, if you can, doctor."

"I'm resting." What else, in God's name, was there for him to do? What else would there ever be for him to do? "Drummond operated?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Good man," commented Dr. Rainey. "H'm-m-m. That reminds me: I believe I'll have to refer a case to him. Drummond still in the building?"

"I'll see, if you wish."

"Please," said Dr. Rainey.

While she was gone he tried to remember if he had any more operations definitely scheduled. No, there was just the one: a woman referred to him by Dr. Harding, out in Westbrook. Cholecystitis, in the hospital for observation and preoperative treatment. Hot packs and morphia.

"Dr. Drummond is here," announced Miss Ramsey.

"What's on your mind, Doug?" asked Drummond. "Want to go home already?"

"Not quite yet." Home? Didn't Drummond know he hadn't had a home in ten years and more? "I'm wondering if you'd do a cholecystectomy for me tomorrow. Scheduled for ten sharp. The case was referred to me by Dr. Harding, out in Westbrook; she's here in the hospital now."

"Why—certainly. Thanks, Doug. Will it be all right with Dr. Harding?"

"It'll have to be, won't it? He can't operate, the woman will die if that gall bladder isn't removed, and I believe I won't be quite up to doing it myself."

"Perhaps I'd better phone him first and then see her before I leave," said Drummond, ignoring Dr. Rainey's bitterness. "Think so?"

"It's entirely in your hands, Drummond. I haven't seen her myself; she came in yesterday afternoon. The name is Trenton, I believe—Mrs. Trenton. I'll appreciate your taking over."

"Glad to. Forget all about it, Doug. Anything else?"

"No, thanks."

In fifteen or twenty minutes Drummond was back.

"Hate like the devil to bother you, Doug," he said, "but I'm up against it. See what you think should be done.

"I called Harding, and he hadn't heard about your—about what had happened. He didn't know what to say. It seems that Mrs. Trenton is an old office girl of yours. Her name was Cortney then; Mary Cortney. Well, anyway, Dr. Harding—"

"Wait a minute!" Dr. Rainey closed his eyes to help bring back a face he had forced himself to forget—after it had been too late to remember.

"What's the matter, Doug?" Drummond asked anxiously.

Dr. Rainey opened his eyes and shook his head.

"Just a—twinge," he said. "Go ahead, Drummond; I'm all right now."

"Well, I went up to see her, and told her you were out of town and had turned the case over to me. She said she didn't believe it; that it didn't sound like you, and that she wouldn't even consider having me. She'd wait, and that's all there was to it. She got so excited about it that I soothed her as much as I could and left."

"Does she want to die?" Dr. Rainey asked harshly.

Drummond stared at him queerly.

"Of course not, Doug," he said quietly. "That's why she insists on you. Do you remember her?"

"Yes." Dr. Rainey closed his eyes again, to keep the light from dimming the features of the Mary Cortney who had been his first office girl. "Slim, dark-eyed, hair black and glossy—and a smile no trained receptionist ever equaled. Right?"

"Except for the years, I imagine," chuckled Drummond. "What shall I tell her, Doug?"

"Tell her—not to be a fool. Tell her I'm sorry. Tell her the truth."

Dr. Rainey hardly knew what he was saying. He wished Drummond would go away, so he could think!

"Wouldn't dare. She thinks a lot of you, apparently, and in her present condition— No, Doug. I wouldn't want to take the chance."

"How about forcing the issue?" If he only had his strength back, and both hands, just long enough to repay Mary Cortney for her faith in him! "Get her husband to order the operation—damn it, handle it any way you wish. There's nothing I can do."

"Of course not, Doug. We'll work it out some way. Forget it. Good night."

"Good night," nodded Dr. Rainey wearily.

SURE. Forget it. Forget all about little Mary Cortney. He'd forced himself to forget her once before.

Mary Cortney. He remembered her smile best of all. The reception room had never been crowded in those days, and sometimes they had figured together—shoulder to shoulder and making a huge joke of it all—to see how they could possibly keep going. How *he* could keep going. More than once she had let her pay go for a week to help out. "So we can pay the outsiders," she had explained gaily.

And now Mary Cortney was depending upon him. And because he had been stubborn, a fool—

It wasn't the first time he had been a fool. He had made a fool of himself over Doris. He had married Doris. And right after that Mary Cortney had married a big rawboned adoring lad, brother of one of his first patients, from a near-by town. Westbrook, probably.

Afterward, after it was too late, he had thought about Mary. He had taken her with him on many a lonely ride; sat with her at many a bedside vigil, when the lights were dim and he was waiting—waiting—

But he had been honest enough not to see her. To forget her.

She was married. He had had his chance and he had been blind fool enough not to grasp it.

Dr. Rainey sighed and moved restlessly. Twinges of pain from his shoulder made him grit his teeth to keep from gasping aloud.

Somewhere in the same building, in another little cubicle like this, Mary Cortney waited, depending upon him to save her life.

Why did she have to be so stubborn? Why did she look to him for succor, when he had failed her once before? She was torturing him. She had no right to torture him!

Didn't he have enough to trouble him without the knowledge that she was waiting there for him to come and save her life? Didn't she?

She must still believe in him—as a surgeon. He had failed her as a man, and now he was failing her as a surgeon. Again—

About midnight Dr. Rainey spoke to his nurse.

"Get me a telegraph blank," he ordered.

"A telegraph blank, doctor?" Quite casually Miss Ramsey touched his forehead.

"Yes. And I'm *not* delirious. Will you hurry, please?"

He listened impatiently while her footsteps receded down the linoleum-floored hallway and then came tap-tapping back.

"NOW, if you'll let me have your pen, I—"

He broke off abruptly. Dr. Rainey was not ambidextrous.

"I mean, I wonder if you'll write the message for me," he said. He dictated a name and address which made Miss Ramsey's eyes open with recognition and amazement. Then:

CHARTER PLANE BE HERE TOMORROW WITHOUT FAIL READY FOR OPERATION AT TEN TOMORROW MORNING AS PERSONAL FAVOR FEE GUARANTEED DOUGLAS T RAINEY

Miss Ramsey read it back to him, and Dr. Rainey smiled.

"Right," he said. "After you've got off the wire, call at Mrs. Trenton's room, and if she's awake tell her Dr. Rainey is back and will be ready for her at ten sharp. If she's asleep, tell her nurse and instruct the nurse to tell Mrs. Trenton when she awakes. Understand?"

"Yes. No. That is, I—"

"But you will do exactly as I request?"

Miss Ramsey hesitated.

"But, doctor! She'll know—"

"Please, Miss Ramsey, do exactly as I say. And leave word at the office that Dr. Drummond is to come here first thing in the morning, immediately upon his arrival."

The rest of the night Dr. Rainey slept, not well but soundly enough to win a "Satisfactory" on the chart of the completely mystified Miss Ramsey.

Shortly after eight o'clock the next morning Drummond hurried into Dr. Rainey's room.

"What's this I hear at the office?" he asked sharply. "Are you out of your head, Doug?"

"Don't be so alarmed, Drummond. I know what I'm doing."

Dr. Drummond started pacing the room.

"Know what you're doing? Didn't you send word to Mrs. Trenton that you would operate?"

"No; I sent word I would be waiting for her at ten."

"It's the same thing. I can see what you were trying to do, but when she finds you're not there she'll become excited—probably hysterical. She'll fight the anesthetic and—"

"No," said Dr. Rainey, smiling faintly. "Because I'll be there."

Drummond stared at him, a sharp vertical wrinkle wedged between his scraggly gray brows.

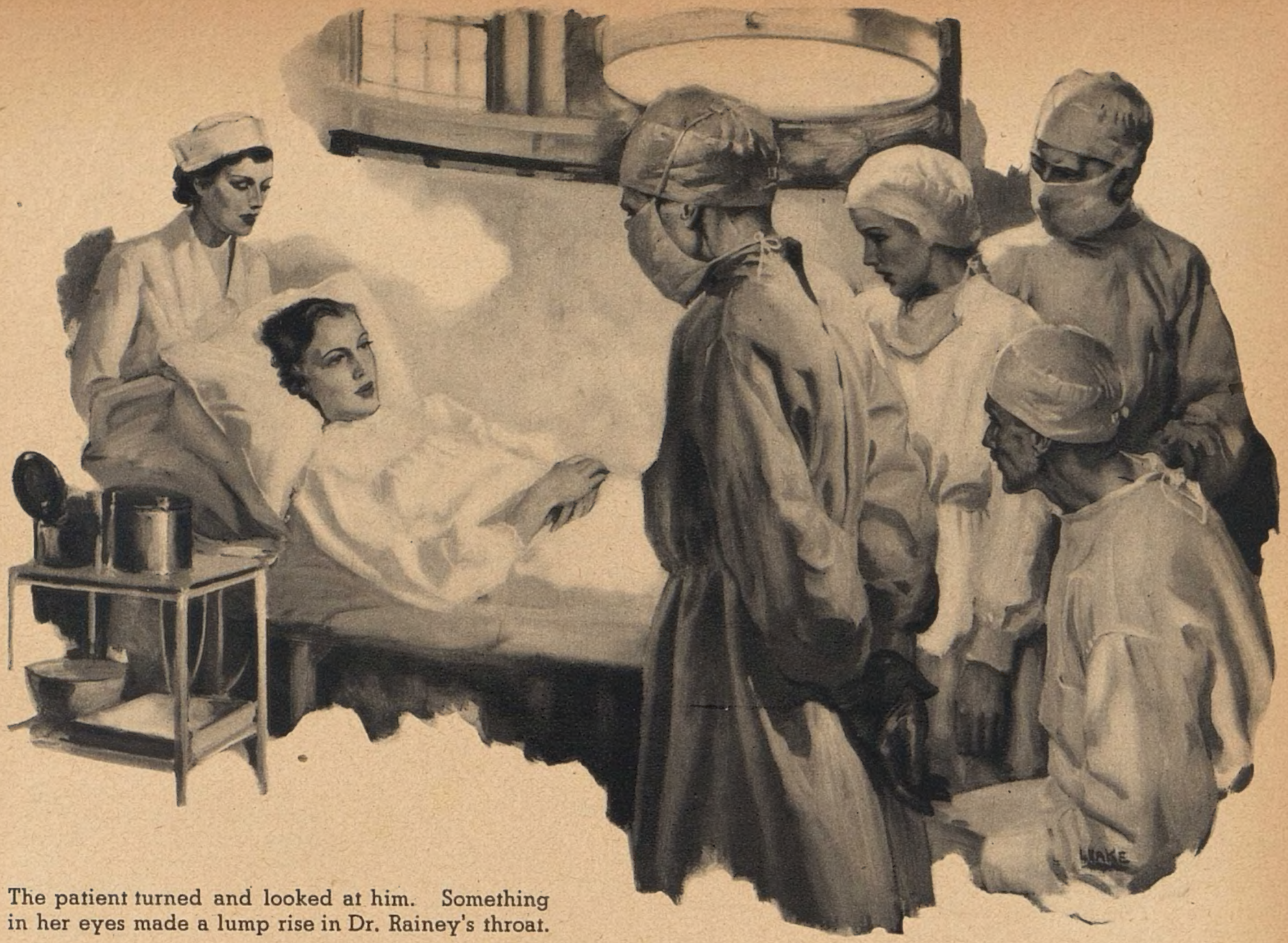
"Be there?" he repeated. "Like hell you will!"

"Listen, Drummond: I'm going to be there. You're going to put me in a wheel chair and take me up to the operating room. You're going to have me put into an operating gown, a cap, and a mask. Then—"

"You're crazy, Doug! Do you realize that you were on the table yourself only twenty-four hours ago?"

"I'm not likely to forget it." Dr. Rainey glanced down where his right arm should have lain under the covers. "But she thinks I've got to be there, and it's just as real to her as though it were so. It's her life against a little trip to the operating room in a wheel chair—and I'm going."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind! I refuse to operate—"



The patient turned and looked at him. Something in her eyes made a lump rise in Dr. Rainey's throat.

"That's another thing, Drummond. This is unethical and all that, but—there's just an odd chance I can make you see it my way. She thinks I'm going to operate. She's going under the ether believing that. And I can't throw her down. I've engaged a better man than either of us to operate."

"You have?" Dr. Drummond's face was flushed and there was something like anger in his eyes. "Who?"

"Bonnett. I wired him to make the trip by plane. I know him rather well. He'll be here—should be here now."

"Bonnett?" repeated Drummond. "Cliff Bonnett?"

"Cliff Bonnett. Can't you understand, Drummond? She's so damned dependent on me, and my own bull-headedness put me here. I can't make her pay for something which was my own fault, can I?"

Drummond's eye no longer held that angry glint.

"I've known you for ten or fifteen years, Doug," he said quietly, "but I guess I never got acquainted with you. You'll probably kill yourself, and I think you're quite mad. But, by heaven, if you want to go up there this morning, you're going. I—"

THE door opened quietly and a short bulletheaded man with a wrestler's shoulders entered the room.

"Morning, doctor," he said. "Got you down, eh? What's the matter with you? Are you the patient?"

"No," said Dr. Rainey. "Dr. Bonnett, this is Dr. Drummond."

The two men shook hands.

"Doug, here, was in an accident," explained Drummond quietly. "He—lost an arm."

Dr. Bonnett swung around, startled.

"I'm sorry, Rainey. That's a blow to all of us. How did it happen?"

"That doesn't matter," said Dr. Rainey. "You see—"

He gave Bonnett the story while Drummond watched from the background. When Dr. Rainey had finished, Bonnett glanced swiftly at Drummond.

"You're not going to permit this?" he asked gruffly. "Of all the nonsense I ever heard, this is the limit. Do you permit patients to do the dictating here? Dr. Rainey shouldn't even sit up for several days, and to leave his bed—I'll not be party to it, I tell you!"

"Then Dr. Drummond will operate and you'll get your fee just the same," Dr. Rainey said gently.

Dr. Bonnett confronted Drummond, who nodded.

"Doug, there, has my promise. I said everything I could. He's a fool, but—"

"A fool? He's an idiot!" Dr. Bonnett hesitated an instant, and glanced at his watch. "You're both idiots," he added. "And so am I. Your wire said ten o'clock, didn't it, Rainey? Rotten practice to keep a patient waiting, and I want forty-five minutes to scrub."

"Thanks, Bonnett," said Dr. Rainey. Inside him somewhere was a thrilling sense of victory which warmed and strengthened him. "Run along with him, Drummond, and tell my day nurse to have a wheel chair here at quarter of ten sharp."

"Sure," said Drummond. "I'll give orders."

"You're not trying to run a fast one, by any chance?" Dr. Rainey asked sharply. "I have my watch, and if that chair isn't here at nine forty-five, I'll *walk*."

Dr. Rainey tried to smile as Miss Drake, his day nurse, wheeled him into the operating room. The surgical nurses stared at him curiously as they returned his greeting. Drummond and Bonnett had not come in yet.

"Get me into my gear, please," Dr. Rainey commanded. He looked around the room as they slipped the operating gown on him. This place was no longer his. He was a stranger here, masquerading, for the last time, as a surgeon. For the last time.

He felt faint and dizzy.

"The cap—and a glove. You'll only need one." He held out his left hand while Miss Drake powdered it and drew on the glove.

"Fine," he said, trying to smile again. It was an effort to smile—he must have lost a lot of blood. But

he mustn't think of that now. "Now get a stool and put it beside the operating table—no, on the other side. They'll bring her in on this side. And don't put the mask on yet, Miss Drake. Wait until she is in the room and sees me. I want her to feel sure— Will you wheel me over there now?"

For an instant, as they helped him from the chair to the white-enameled stool, a curtain of blackness fell before his eyes; but he clamped his teeth together and banished the terrible feeling of faintness.

"There. That's—fine," he whispered. "Miss Drake, stand beside me—right side, in front, so that she can't see—"

Drummond and Bonnett came in, hands held out before them.

"How you making it, Doug?" asked Drummond as he opened the waiting pack and drew forth his operating gown. A nurse hurried him into it, and tied it down the back while Drummond dusted his hands and pulled on his gloves. "You look like hell."

"I'm fine," lied Dr. Rainey. "I believe I'll stick around and observe Bonnett's technique."

Bonnett glanced at him sharply and his eyes narrowed. Dr. Rainey could see his mask flutter as he said something in an undertone to Drummond.

The door into the hallway swung open. Dr. Rainey felt his heart start hammering. Would he be able to make it stick, after all?

The patient turned her head and looked at him. She smiled listlessly, but there was something in her eyes which made a hard painful lump rise in Dr. Rainey's throat.

"Good of you, doctor," she said. "I knew—I could depend on you."

"Of course, Mary," he nodded. Miss Drake was tying his mask on now, and he was glad, for his lips were twitching. "Next thing you know, you'll be fit as a fiddle."

She smiled again, and closed her eyes. "I'm not worrying—with you here."

Dr. Rainey glanced at Bonnett challengingly. He was sure that Bonnett understood now.

The gas machine hissed softly. Gas introduction; that was good. Mary Trenton's hand moved toward him. Dr. Rainey reached out and patted it reassuringly.

Then came the ether cone and the familiar penetrating odor of ether.

"You may prepare the field of operation now, Miss Keller," said Bonnett briskly. His voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"And you," added Dr. Bonnett, "a couple of you nurses, get that damned supreme God-inspired idiot out of here and put him to bed where he belongs!"

The rest of it was pretty hazy.

DR. RAINEY, slumped wearily in the comfortable, rather disreputable chair behind his desk, stared moodily at the litter of odds and ends heaped high before him. The gaping drawers of the desk were empty.

Douglas T. Rainey, physician and surgeon, was all washed up. Through. *Quitting.* He had told Waggoner he was quitting. Waggoner was the building manager.

"You're—retiring, doc?"

"Quitting. And glad of the chance. I've had enough; too much. I'm going fishing the rest of my life."

"Fishing, eh? Great sport, doc." Waggoner was a very matter-of-fact person. "Well, a lot of people are going to miss you plenty. But I don't know's I blame you."

Yes, that was over, and he was glad of it. Even this little effort had wearied him. Drummond had begged him to wait a few days, but Dr. Rainey had been anxious to get it over with once and for all.

He had enough to get along on, and that was all he asked. If things had been different—if he still had young Doug, if Doris had been different—he would have kept on. He would have showed them that surgery wasn't all he knew. But as things were—

The outer door opened. Dr. Rainey looked up wearily to see who was there.

He was not surprised. He had expected that Mary would find out and come to see him. The day before he left the hospital he had gone up to her room to tell her himself. But the nurse had told him Mr. Trenton had called for her the afternoon before. He was just too late.

Now she was here, standing in the doorway of his office—which would not be his office after today. He wondered if she would understand. Probably not.

"Come in, please," he said in his most professional manner. He must remember to be cool and professional; she had probably forgotten all about—those things Dr. Rainey could not forget, now that it was too late. "How are you feeling, Mrs. Trenton?" *Mrs.* Trenton. He must not forget that, either.

SHE walked toward him slowly, her eyes fixed on his. Big dark eyes they were, and they reminded Dr. Rainey of a Llewellin setter he had loved years before. Mary Trenton stood directly across the desk before she spoke.

"I just learned," she said. "Dr. Harding told me."

"Learned what?" Dr. Rainey asked with forced briskness. "That I played a bit of a trick on you?"

"That you almost killed yourself to save my life," she said softly. "That you had one of the best men in the country operate, after flying here in a chartered plane. Don't you know I can't ever hope to pay you?"

"Sit down," commanded Dr. Rainey. "You have some foolish ideas, I see. First of all, don't worry about fees. Dr. Bonnett is a personal friend of mine; you have heard of such a thing as professional courtesy?"

"Surely. And does that take care of chartered airplanes, doctor?"

"Well—no. Not exactly. But you were depending upon me, and I'd made a fool of myself and couldn't operate. I felt I owed you something—you see, we aren't exactly strangers."

"No," she said, looking out the window.

"Then let's say it was professional courtesy, after all; extended to you by an old friend who hasn't forgotten all the trials and tribulations we went through together—a long time ago." It seemed to him like a very long time indeed.

"I came," she said slowly, "to say thank you. I don't seem to be able to say it. The words are so inadequate; so—silly."

"Not at all. Please forget it. Perhaps I just wanted to wind up my career with a grand gesture. Every good physician is a bit of a grandstander at times."

"You're—quitting?" Her gaze swept the litter on his desk.

"Quitting?" He had used the word himself only a few minutes before, but it roused something in him coming from her. "That's one word for it, I suppose. Counted out would be another term, though, wouldn't it?" He glanced down at the empty sleeve.

"On account of that?"

Dr. Rainey shrugged. It was an odd sensation, shrugging with only one arm. An unbalanced sort of thing he hadn't become accustomed to—yet.

"I know when I'm licked. People don't like to look at cripples, Mrs. Trenton. Even well people."

It seemed odd to call her Mrs. Trenton. She was so like the Mary he had known back in that little dark office in the Sutler Building. A bit older, a bit more rounded and mature—

"You're unduly sensitive, doctor. People admire a man for what he *is*, not for the number of legs or arms he has."

"Philosophy is always easy for the philosopher. I know what I'm talking about. I'm through. There's no reason for me to go on, and I'm—"

"But there might be, doctor. You're not old, and the

SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

was born in Butler, Pa., in the late '90s. He has been writing for about fifteen years, much of his fiction being about the Far North, which he knows intimately. Besides his fiction work he has been a newspaperman, advertising writer, and a wireless operator. His hobbies include guns, amateur radio, and motion-picture hunting.

world holds so many opportunities for happiness." She hesitated a moment. "A wife, a home, a—"

"For me?" Dr. Rainey laughed harshly. "What woman would want—a part of a man, like me?"

Mary Trenton hesitated again, and Dr. Rainey's eyes hardened with a sense of bitter victory. She couldn't answer that one.

"I would," she said quietly.

He stared at her, and then his glance dropped to the simple hoop of gold on the third finger of her left hand.

"It's safe for you to say that." He smiled crookedly. "You're already married."

Mary Trenton shook her head.

"My husband died eight years ago."

"Eight—eight years ago?" echoed Dr. Rainey. "Then who—they told me Mr. Trenton—"

"That was George, my brother-in-law. He and his wife have both been like real brother and sister. You—didn't know?"

"No. If I had—" Something reminded him of the empty sleeve. If he had known before this had happened, it would have been different. He smiled bitterly.

"If you had?" she asked with queer intentness.

Dr. Rainey moved one shoulder—his good left shoulder—in a shrug of frustration.

"But I didn't," he said. "So it doesn't matter. Practically nothing matters now, you see. I'm retiring."

For a moment Mary studied him, searching his face, his eyes.

"Dr. Rainey," she said—and her voice was just a choked nervous whisper—"I'm not young any more. I'm not pretty, if I ever was. But if I could help you, if I could mean anything to you—"

She stopped abruptly and looked away. Her face was scarlet and her soft red lips were trembling. But her chin was up bravely.

"Mary!" Always too late! Even this was too late. He had no right now to claim her. He touched her hand; it was trembling, but so was his own. "It's fine of you. That was *like* you, Mary Cortney. You almost make me believe in things I haven't believed in for a long time. But you're nervous, distraught. You pity me; you're foolishly grateful—"

"You don't need me, then? Don't—want me?"

Mary rose, and most of the color left her face. She was biting her lower lip until the flesh was bloodless.

"No," said Dr. Rainey, smiling unsteadily. He walked between her and the door. "Not—as a thank offering, Mary. I think I love you too much for that. But if I could prove to you—if I could make sure—if I could know it wasn't pity and gratefulness—"

There were tears in her eyes, but there was a light behind them such as Dr. Rainey recalled having seen in the eyes of young mothers. It stirred him, made his own eyes moist and his heart hammer.

"Oh, but you're blind!" she whispered. "Can't you see how much I care, how little anything else matters?"

"You're a sentimental little idiot, Mary Trenton." Dr. Rainey's voice did not seem quite like his own. "And I'm going to try to really deserve you—dear. And then, after you're sure it isn't gratefulness—"

"You've always had your way about everything." Mary Trenton smiled tenderly. "I suppose you'll have your way about this too."

Dr. Rainey laughed softly. He felt wonderfully well and strong and happy. He felt—

"Just a moment," he said, and picked up the telephone.

"Waggoner? Doc Rainey. I'm staying on. . . . Yes. . . . What's that? . . . I don't give a damn who wants the rooms; tell them to look around some more. . . . Yes. . . . 'By!"

He hung up and faced Mary. Her face was radiant.

"How's that?" he asked, and there was a ring in his voice which had been lacking there for a long time. "Is that what you wished?"

"You know it is!" The adoration in her eyes shouted what Mary Trenton could only whisper. "Oh, Doug! What—what's the proper thing to do when your dreams start coming true all at once?"

THE END

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!
Tennis Tournaments at Forest Hills
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"

The Donkey
WITH A LION'S HEART

BARNEY himself was primarily to blame. He had always been a bit too wily for his own good, or Jeff Potter's either, and this time it appeared he had worked one trick too many.

He was a stolid mouse-gray burro of advancing years, walled off from the world behind the dull comatose exterior of all his kind. To look at him standing about Jeff Potter's camp, eyes closed, head hanging, big ears foolishly a-flop, no one would have credited him with a conscious thought beyond the bit of cud tucked away in a corner of his mouth. But beneath that soporific mask in the knobbly wide-browed skull, a crafty brain worked overtime in dissembling and the hatching of mischief.

Let Jeff Potter slip down to cache a bit of butter in the ice-cold stream and Barney would mark the spot and wait for hours or days for a chance to rob the makeshift cooler. Or let Jeff get ready to haul a big load of loose ore out of his tunnel in the mountainside and Barney would have uncanny foreknowledge of the fact. Unless Jeff had tied him fast, he would slip away on a three day bender up among the Shoshone peaks until such time as he thought Jeff's wrath would have cooled. At such times Jeff might follow and call in vain. The old donkey would keep moving just out of reach. He could live

In the blue spruce shadow the old jack became aware of eyes, pale and rimmed with fire, fixed upon him.

Storm and Struggle and Triumph Against Odds in a Vivid Tale of Wilderness Adventure—The Stirring Story of a Lowly Hero and an Interrupted Friendship

by PAUL ANNIXTER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

indefinitely on the deer grass and pine needles of the high ridges.

That was the way it had been two days before, when old Jeff, after three tremendous days' work in the tunnel, had started loading the ore car preparatory to hauling his diggings into the open. At the first clump of rock in the bottom of the car, Barney had slipped quietly away up the yellow pine slope behind the cabin. Old Jeff had called and called but he had not followed far, for a fever was burning in his veins that would not let him waste a minute.

Jeff Potter was mad with gold fever. All fall it had been mounting in him, and the longer it ran the higher it rose. In the winter Jeff trapped for a living, but during the summer months he joined the ranks of lone pocket hunters who scoured the mountains in search of the elusive pay streak. This fall the things he had vaguely hoped for twenty years had come to pass. The tunnel he had driven into the mountain began to show elusive veins of yellow. The yellow increased as October drew on, and though Jeff knew by numerous signs that it was high time to get down out of the mountains, he had lingered on, expecting daily to make a strike. He could not tear himself away until he knew whether or not his find was

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL LINK

A thrust of lowered horns rolled the killer over. Before he found his feet something like a pile driver hit him.

real or fickle as of old. And so though the knife-edged blasts of wind that belled up the canyons gave warning of bad weather close at hand, old Jeff stayed on, daring the heights without proper clothing or even a store of winter fuel.

Then one early morning Jeff awoke with the wind sobbing through the cracks of his log shack and the sting of snow already in the air. Dun clouds hung low over the mountains, and the valleys were lost in a smudgy haze. Old Jeff knew what to expect when a blizzard set in from the north at this time of year. There was not another hour to spare, not even a minute, if he were to make the lowlands in time. Yet he did spare a good many minutes going up the long trail behind the cabin to search for Barney. The burro, however, was far up the mountain at the time. Jeff hated to leave his old friend, but no good could come of sacrificing himself by remaining behind. If he were to get down the mountain at all that winter it would have to be at once.

And so a few minutes later, carrying only a ragged roll of bedding and a small supply of food, Jeff was hitting the down trail from timber line. His tools and precious ore were abandoned where they lay.

WHEN the storm broke, old Barney was ruminating in a spruce grove where he had spent a chilly and uneasy night, back turned to the wind, his jaws working from time to time on the bit of cud in his mouth. He had not been perturbed by the rising storm. He was familiar with the winter snows of the lowlands. Nothing dangerous about them, so he had no way of knowing the precariousness of mountain blizzards. When the wind rose to a screaming blast he merely sought shelter deep among the trees.

But toward midday, with the storm increasing instead of abating, uneasiness began to ride the old burro. The feeding was entirely covered by snow. Barney's thought turned to the warmth of the lean-to back of Jeff's cabin. He had had quite enough of this business of fodderless freedom. His slow steps turned down trail, and once out of the spruce he was almost swept from his feet by the force of the wind. In places the snow was already up to his belly and only his sure feet and his unknowable burro instinct kept him on the narrow trail.

Time after time during the afternoon it was a sheer battle for the short-legged burro to buck through the drifts. The day was nearly gone when he made the cabin at last and experienced one of the first great shocks of his easygoing existence. Old Jeff had gone, the cabin was deserted, and there were not even any fresh tracks to show which way the old man had gone. Such a state of affairs was wholly unprecedented, but Barney found solace presently in the fodder left in the lean-to behind the cabin. Whatever of feed he could eat had been left for him there. Warmed by a full belly, Barney settled down to await his master's return. All his life he had known constant human association and the idea that he had really been abandoned did not enter his dim understanding.

When another day came, however, and Jeff did not come, loneliness and trepidation descended upon the old donkey. He lifted up his voice in a raucous bray, but the wind whipped the sound away. Another day and night he shivered and waited in a world filled with storm, cold, and misery. All the tricks and cantankerousness had gone out of Barney by now and he would willingly have taken any chastisement Jeff Potter could have given him for the sight or sound of the old man returning. But Jeff did not come, and through a second freezing night the burro voiced his wrongs to a grim and frozen world.

When late the third day the storm abated, Barney set off down the mountain whither he knew Jeff Potter had gone. The snow, however, had piled almost as high as his back and in three hours he progressed scarcely a mile, with the going harder with every yard. Though in summer his feet were sure as a chamois's on the steep trails, the piled snow made the mountain a different proposition. Twice he almost pitched to oblivion over the sheer cliffs. By nightfall the snow was so deep he could no longer battle through it. Dejectedly he turned back toward the cabin, hoping dimly that old Jeff would be there to greet him. But the cabin was still closed, no fire burned within, and the still cold and unbroken silence that followed the storm filled the burro with a definite unease.

That night in the lean-to he finished every scrap of the food that had been left for him and vented many a mournful bray calculated to melt the heart of Jeff Potter wherever he had gone. *(Continued on page seventeen)*

WHY AMERICA PREFERS BUDWEISER

Its age-old taste is found only in BUDWEISER

Centuries ago, an ancient monastery in the quaint little town of Budweis, Bohemia, brewed a beer of such distinctive taste that connoisseurs from all over Europe pronounced it superior to others. Slightly tart, with a delicious tang and flavor, so unusual that no word describes it except... BUDWEISER!

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(Continued from page fourteen) But the mountain world remained dumb and increasingly desolate.

When next day he sallied forth from the cabin it was up the mountain instead of down, for on the heights the snow was far less deep, in places the ridges were swept almost bare by the force of the wind. Up along the sparse spruce valleys he plodded, finding here and there a bit of uncovered forage, chewing many pine needles along the way. Toward nightfall in a dense stand of spruce he came upon a small herd of deer banded together in a "yard." Often, in his summer wandering, Barney had seen deer drifting through the pine groves within a hundred feet of where he fed. Always he had wanted to know these silent gentle creatures. He plowed forward eagerly to join them, his big ears wigwagging his pleasure, but the two leading bucks of the herd had no such Rotarian ideas. They sniffed suspiciously at the burro scent and shook menacing heads.

But even ill feeling was preferable to the empty loneliness of the peaks. Barney was too forlorn and tired to care what the deer thought of him. He waited dejectedly some forty paces away with hanging head and half closed eyes to see what would happen. The snow was too deep for the deer to flee their yard, so the bucks contented themselves with repeated stampings and challenges. But Barney the burden bearer had a way of his own. After three or four hours, his moveless presence, appealing eyes, and unbreakable stolidity had worn down resistance. The deer resumed their sketchy feeding, nibbling at the hanging branches of the trees and pawing down to the sparse feeding beneath the snow. Barney followed their example and as he chewed meditatively he edged by imperceptible degrees closer and closer to the herd. The knifelike winds sweeping down from the peaks that night found the old burro drowsing in the comparative warmth and shelter of the deer yard. The leading bucks remained inhospitable; from time to time they sniffed at the newcomer disgustedly, but Barney was not sensitive. He had found companionship and that was enough.

Next day he plodded back to search for Jeff Potter again. But the cabin remained callously deserted as before and the cold and gnawing hunger drove him back to his adopted friends again. Each day he returned to keep forlorn vigil at the cabin, returning to the deer yard at night. Then one day he returned to find his wild friends had moved. The feeding had given out, and the deer had left to seek a better sanctuary. Barney followed, laboring slowly along the deep trench the deer had left in the miry snow. He overtook the herd a half mile away, tramping out a new yard which was to become a veritable prison for most of them, for a few days later there came a thaw followed by another snowstorm which froze the walls of the deer yard to the hardness of concrete, forming a prison from which there was no escape.

ONLY Barney's persistent burroish urge to find old Jeff saved him from sharing the fate of the deer. He was keeping vigil at the cabin again when the freeze came. Next morning when he labored back to the deer yard he was unable to join his friends. An iron crust had formed over the snow, and the burro stood nearly seven feet above the yard looking dejectedly down on his imprisoned friends. He continued to keep them company, however, finding the quiet peace of all the browsers in mere propinquity. As the day passed and the feeding about the yard was consumed, the deer grew leaner and leaner until the does and younglings were too weak to stand, and still no thaw came to liberate them. Barney looked on in dull wonder, sensing their plight, but unable to comprehend it all.

The slow drama ended in tragedy when a pair of mountain lions finally discovered the starving herd. But the less said of that piteous affair the better, except that what followed was swifter and perhaps more merciful than starvation. Old Barney, grown woodswise and wary, was warned by the panther smell on the breeze and melted away among the trees, for even to his slow stolid intelligence that rank scent meant death.

Three days later he found what was left of his friends, the deer, and it was there that one of the killers came upon him. In the blue spruce shadows the old jack became aware of eyes, two in number, pale and rimmed with fire, fixed upon him, and in them was the cruelty and cold ferocity of several fiends. Behind the eyes lurked a low serpentlike form. As he looked, the yellow fangs of the cougar parted in a grin of lust.

This queer strange-smelling creature, though new to the big cat, was plainly harmless. Its scent was like that of a horse, and horse meat was the cougar's pet abandon. He might have felled the diminutive burro at once, but haste was not the cougar's way. Slowly he inched closer and closer while his blood lust whetted. Barney's mild brown eyes never strayed from the face of the killer; his small hoofs danced a slow jig of terror.

EIGHT feet away the cougar gathered himself to spring. His ropy tail lashed spasmodically from side to side, his gaunt body quivered on haunches of coiled steel, the head sunk upon the big forepaws. Instinct told Barney the end was at hand, and suddenly he voiced his fear in a mighty, elemental bray. It was a call for help and a bawl of protest in one, an unearthly and stupendous sound there in that mountain stillness. Of all the things a cat abhors, sudden nerve-racking sounds rank first. And of all the sounds of heaven or earth, the bray of a burro is the most appalling. As the calamitous sound broke upon the still air the cougar was just launching his spring. The spring was never carried through, for the killer double-bucked in mid-air as only one of the cat tribe could, and landed ten feet away from his objective. One more leap and the swart shadows of the spruce-fir grove swallowed him up. Barney did not wait to see if he returned.

That particular male cougar, by the way, was Public Enemy No. 1, so to speak, of all the killers of that part of the Shoshone range, and by that token Barney was on the way to being master of the mountain himself. But such glory was empty to a burden bearer.

Barney was lonelier after that than he had ever been before. He took to wandering farther and farther in search of company. In spite of the lessons the deer had taught him, he was pressed to the point of starvation. Snow and pine needles and occasional sprigs of grass are poor fare for a pampered and urbane palate.

With each storm the snow grew deeper on the lower slopes, so Barney's roaming took him higher. One day, rounding an outcrop of rock high above timber line, he had the most astonishing surprise of his life. A dozen fleecy hummocks of snow suddenly came to life and shook the gathering flakes from their backs--animals to be sure, yet stranger than the yak to the old burro. One of them, the biggest, with pale fierce eyes, had a long frosted white beard and black scimitars curling above his head. Barney was staring at his first band of mountain goats.

The goats, all eight of them, fled up over the rims, but could not go far because of the drifted snow. Barney followed with true Rotarian vigor, disregarding the loud snoofing challenges of the old leader. Again, as in the case of the deer, he had to win the strangers over by slow and painful degrees. Several times the leader sought to engage the old donkey in battle, but it takes two to make any sort of battle. Barney's stolid immobility was an unreckonable quantity and the old patriarch, finding nothing to vent his wrath upon, would subside into an occasional angry snorting.

When the band moved Barney followed silently and stolidly in their wake, edging closer by imperceptible degrees. When they ate of the short cured grass of the heights, he also ate and found it good. The goats, seeing, began to accept him by slow degrees as a friendly and harmless creature. By the third day he had worn down the last resistance and was suffered to feed and bed at will on the edge of the band.

Life with the goats was a very different proposition from that with the deer herd. Instead of yarding, they were constantly on the move; and the manner of their moving was an eternal wonder, for they were the nimblest things on four feet. They were infinitely wise with the wisdom of centuries of mountain life and persecution. They had a city of their own amid the high peaks, laid out with streets and ladderlike escapes up and down the

seemingly unscalable cliffs. Along these they sought the sparse grass which the winds had uncovered. Barney found it lean fare, but it kept life in his body and he was thankful for any food that went with companionship.

In the second week the old goat led the band along a series of narrow precipitous ledges to some distant peaks. Nothing else save a mountain sheep or a burro could have followed, but Barney's small trim hoofs with their hairy clefts were almost as sure as those of the goats themselves. Acrobatic feats, however, were a bit beyond him. The narrow ledge the band had been following pinched sharply off into space. But ten feet below it a two foot nubbin of rock protruded from the face of the cliff. The old goat leaped for it, balanced a moment, then dropped still farther to another narrow ledge beyond. One by one his harem followed suit. Barney stood at the end of the ledge looking miserably after them. He could not follow nor even turn around. Misery and vertigo seized upon him, and he lifted his voice in a protesting bray. The goats, however, paid no heed. Already they were almost out of sight.

There was but one thing to do. Cautiously, feeling for each foothold, Barney began backing along the ledge he had come. There were over four hundred yards of that before he reached a spot where he could turn. Up over the rims he went by a roundabout way, but the goats were nowhere in sight. It was not until two days later that he found them again. Thankfully he pealed forth his joy as he plodded up, much to the alarm and disgust of the wary band.

That night he was again left behind, for the goats clambered nimbly up to the highest narrowest ridge of the peak that towered above a sheer precipice, while Barney had to remain on a much wider, safer bench below them. The goats knew that any place easy of access left them open to the attack of their eternal enemy, the mountain lion, whose broad round pad-marks were everywhere on the heights. But these signs were not for a burro's urbane senses. Night after night Barney spent in some cranny out of reach of the flying snow, wondering dully why his wild friends deserted him for the peaks. Then on a stormy morning in January, as the goats came bounding down from their favorite ledge, he learned. A streak of tawny yellow shot out from behind a rock, and an old nanny was stricken in the snow with a broken neck. The rest of the band made a mad scramble up the peak again, fighting their way over the knife-edged rim above. Barney, who had been coming to meet them, caught one glimpse of the lion as it lanced downward, and, whirling about, fled down the mountain in terror. The killer was the same lion he had bluffed a few weeks before, but the old jack was in no bluffing mood just then. He put an entire line of peaks between him and the big cat, and thus lost track of the goat band again.

FOR two whole weeks thereafter he wandered, miserably searching for them along all the streets and avenues of the high goat city. Each day a bald eagle sailed close to him expectantly, fully aware that he was an alien in the wild and waiting for the mountains to strike him down. But Barney, with the ruggedness and craft of his kind, was doing the unbelievable—meeting and beating the winter wild in its cruelest and grimmest aspect. Ancient long-buried instincts had awakened him, and an untamable fighting spirit that harked back to far-off wild-ass ancestors. His wily brain, that had formerly worked in guile, now worked overtime to the end of self-protection. He had profited by all the object lessons of deer and goats, and added thereto numerous wrinkles of his own. The fierce winds of the heights could be depended upon to uncover enough herbage to keep life in his body, and by night he kept from freezing to death by seeking the sheltered side of the peaks. But his sociable civilized nature was dying the seven deaths in those frightening solitudes, and many times a day his appalling burro's bawl echoed pleadingly among the crags.

A third week began, and still the burro combed the heights. At length on an afternoon he sighted a number of white specks against a far cliff. A valley lay between, but undaunted, Barney descended clear to timber line, bucking the deep drifts, and labored grimly up the other side. By nightfall he came up with the band again, braying his satisfaction.

February was a terrible month up on the roof of the world. Storm after storm swept the heights. From the forested valleys the hunger call of wolves and coyotes sounded nightly and often the whining scream of a cougar would split the breeze. Even the wild goats began to feel the pinch of hunger, for the snows were such that even the peaks became mantled with white.

Now came the time of greatest peril, when hunting in the valleys grew lean and the mountain lions sought the high peaks for meat. The broad pads of these killers held them up on the deep snow where the sharp hoofs of the goats cut through; also, the lions could climb almost anywhere the goats could climb among the peaks. The deadly stalking of the great cats could not be guarded against no matter what the craft of the goats. The cougars would prowl the heights until they found some points where the goats would have to pass and, lying in wait for hours until the band approached, would drop like a bolt from some overhanging rock, and one of the band would pay toll with its life.

AFTER each attack by a lion the goats would take refuge for days among the rim rocks, but they could not remain there indefinitely, and when hunger drove them down again the killers would again cling like shadows to their trail. By the end of February six of the original fifteen goats had been killed and still there was no break in the weather, no chance of the goats' repairing to another range.

Barney came unscathed through that grim month, partly because he was always straggling at the tail end of the file of goats, and partly because the lions were suspicious of him, associating him and his scent with man, their greatest enemy. The leader of the goat band likewise escaped attack. That hoary patriarch, who had no fear in his being save for man and the magazine rifle, would have welcomed facing a lion or two lions in combat, but the killers were cowards at heart and had no stomach for facing a four-hundred-pound fighting machine. But as winter began to wane and still the deep snows made hunting in the lower forests impossible for the great cats, the situation between goats and cougars came to a dramatic head.

For weeks the band had been growing warier and warier. They never approached a rock cliff now without beating carefully upwind, eyes and nostrils alert for a sign of the enemy. For a fortnight there had been no casualties in the band, for the goats had lived on the leanest fare in order to avoid every possible ambush. Finally, one still night with a dying moon bathing the white peaks in a spectral light, the lions, driven by desperate hunger, brought the battle to the old patriarch.

Barney was with the band this night, and all were bedded near the brink of a broad open ledge where no enemy could approach without first appearing boldly in the open. It was in that hour before the dawn when night hunters that have found no kill turn ravenous, that an eddy of wind carried the rank scent of carnivore to the old leading goat. He knew that taint and had the band on their feet in an instant. Then, after long minutes of waiting, a mountain lion showed among the rocks of the distant cliff, a second close behind. This was the pair that had ravaged the peaks all winter. Beyond all caution now, they advanced into the wash of moonlight, phosphor-eyed with hunger.

The goats backed to the brink of the ledge, the old patriarch standing well to the fore, facing the cliff. Then mighty minutes of waiting passed. The lions flattened themselves to the snow, advancing but a few inches at a time, their eyes never leaving the goats. Never before had they carried the war into the open like this. Their every instinct was for waiting and indirection, but fiercer even than their blood lust was the gnaw of hunger. The big bunched muscles of their shoulders bulged above their gaunt bodies.

Barney, standing on the edge of the goat band, was trembling faintly; his gaze fascinated into stupor. Weakened by cold and privation, he wanted only to sink

down in the snow; wanted only to sleep. But the lions came on—so stealthily that they seemed not to move at all, save for their long tails that twitched like tormented snakes. Puffs of wind sent sprays of snow across the ledge from the rocks above.

Abruptly, with a rubbery liquid life, the foremost lion launched an attempt to pass the old goat's guard. But the bulky patriarch, agile as any kid, reared on his hind feet with a bawl of defiance, and the thrust of his crinkly horns caught the killer in the side. In mid-air the lion seemed jerked to one side by invisible wires. Almost at the same instant he was in again, a succession of short businesslike rushes. His great mailed paws tore white patches from the old goat's immaculate robe, but wheeling and pivoting with horns held low, the other managed to block him at every turn. The patriarch's tactics were like those of a skilled fencer; his challenging battle cry continued, full-throated and unwavering.

Back and back to the very brink of the ledge they went, till another step would have pitched them into oblivion, and still the agile cat was unable to break through to the huddled kids and nannies behind.

His mate circled meanwhile, and came in from the opposite side to make a swift kill or two while the old patriarch was engaged. But there stood Barney in the way, trembling in every limb but with big white teeth bared and nostrils ruckling in a frenzy of courage. The lioness sprang from haunches like coiled springs. Blind instinct moved Barney in the same instant. His powerful hind legs shot out and caught the killer a glancing blow on the shoulder.

WITH a fiendish squall the big cat sprang aside, then rebounded to the old burro's back, her four sets of claws sinking deep into his quivering sides. Barney staggered, pitched to his nose in the snow, but struggled up again, his broken bray of protest blending with the battle cry of the patriarch.

The mailed paw of the lioness, that had felled many a mountain goat and deer with a single blow, crooked beneath Barney's neck and was wrenching cunningly. Her custom was to kill by dislocation. But the neck of a burro is no likely object for the laying on of claws. Years of burden bearing had given Barney muscles as unyielding as concrete. But the claws of the killer tore at his heavy coat, ripping through the tough hide.

Then Barney's big teeth caught the silky ear of the attacker and ground it into a bleeding rag. A yell of rage went up as the lioness wrenched free. She crouched for another spring, perilously close to the limit of the ledge. Blind instinct, terrible and avenging, snapped Barney's hind quarters round in that moment to deliver a broadside kick with his powerful hind legs. It landed squarely and soddenly against the big cat's ribs, flinging her back. She teetered a moment on the very brink, her claws rasping on the ice and snow to regain her footing, and Barney kicked again. A moment the tawny body dangled over the snowy ledge, then slipped and pitched, a writhing screaming thing of claws and legs, into the gulf below.

The male lion, circling the old goat, turned his head at the death cry of his mate. It was only an instant, but for the patriarch, dancing on his hind feet preparing for a charge, it was enough. He drove in with a mighty thrust of lowered horns that rolled the killer over. Before he found his feet something like a pile driver hit him from the opposite side. Barney, brave as a maniac now, had lashed out again. It was too much for the lion's high-tension nervous system. Before either opponent could reach him again, the despot of the peaks was streaking for the shelter of the cliffs.

THAT victory seemed a winning over famine and the winter wild in general, for there came a break in the weather shortly after. The southwest wind, that blew steadily in summer, was already beginning to sing its old, old song, when the hoary leader of the goats began a leisurely journey down the mountain. The first tender shoot of herbage, he knew, would soon be showing at snow line. Barney, of course, went too.

About ten days later, as the goat band fed slowly along the snow line, something startled them into sudden flight. Barney fled in their wake, but was halted in his tracks by an old familiar call. Jeff Potter had just rounded a bend in the valley trail, a heavy pack on his back. He dropped the pack and came forward at a stumbling run at sight of the old burro.

With a raucous bray of greeting, Barney went crashing through the thickets to meet his master.

Jeff Potter was aware of a vague but definite shame as he faced the stolid little burro on the trail. Barney's woolly sides were lean, and Jeff's woods-trained eyes picked out the many half-healed wounds along his back.

"Cougars!" he muttered. "You pore little cuss, you, I reckon you saw a thing or two besides cold and hunger up there in the peaks."

The two stood looking at each other across the great gulf of silence. Had Barney been human the gulf might never have been spanned. But being an animal he rubbed his nose against the man's sleeve, and Jeff dropped an arm about his solid neck. It was enough for Barney that Jeff's voice continued to fall blessedly on his ears.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **EYES ON THE WORLD** edited by M. Lincoln Schuster. Simon & Schuster.

By headlines and photographs you get the story of a year in the world—a unique anthology of 1934 that should be continued year after year.

★ ★ ★ **THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH** by John H. Groathmey.

Historians agree that Smith was an intrepid, invaluable pioneer; they disagree as to his being also a monumental liar. Whether fact or fiction, his love stories make a picturesque and exciting story.

★ ★ **A BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE** compiled by A. C. Ward. Oxford University Press.

The title of this book is its advance defense against what could be serious criticism. For it is not an anthology of American verse, although the selections range the four centuries. But imagine including Hilda Doolittle and leaving out Father John Bannister Tabb!

★ ★ **BRIGHT DESTINATION** by Darwin L. Teilhet. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Mark Doughty goes to Paris looking for his runaway wife. He meets Lucia, the daughter of a circus owner, and Antonio the juggler. They travel together. He joins the circus as a glider; does a stunt and is hurt. He finds his wife, loses her again, as well as Lucia. Finally he comes back to America to write for radio.

★ ★ **JOHN MULHOLLAND'S STORY OF MAGIC** Loring & Mussey.

The story of the men of mystery, ancient and modern. Today the Society of American Magicians has a battle cry—"Two rabbits in every hat."

★ ★ **SAMUEL GOMPERS** by Rowland Hill Harvey. Stanford University Press.

This is not the art of biography in its best form. It is more the documented history of a movement—the growth of the American Federation of Labor—rather than the interpretation of a personality.

★ **THE FURYS** by James Hanley. The Macmillan Company.

The Furys are a grim and weary family. Slightly insane, they keep themselves—and the reader—confused as to their actions and reactions.

I killed the Czar

At Last the Truth About History's Most Famous and Mystery-Shrouded Massacre—On His Deathbed One of the Actual Assassins Breaks His Long Silence in a Confession to

RICHARD

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY

PART ONE—"THERE WERE ONLY THREE OF US"

LYING prostrate in his bed, mortally ill, Peter Zacharovitch Ermakov, one of the three Bolshevik officers who, on the night of July 16, 1918, murdered Czar Nicholas II of Russia and all six members of his family, poured out to me with semidelirious violence the whole dreadful story of the slaughter of the Romanoffs.

Until that moment he, one of the two or three men who knew everything, had kept mute on the subject of this massacre. He himself helped organize it and carry it out. He himself removed and burned the bodies and scattered the ashes. And then for seventeen years he listened, half amused—neither denying nor confirming—to the wild rumors that spread around the world concerning the "facts" of the assassination.

The accounts of the Czar's death available to the general public heretofore have always been meager and controversial. The information I had in hand can be summed up as follows:

In August, 1917, the Czar, his wife, and five children, having been arrested by the revolutionists and held prisoner five months in Petrograd, were transferred to Tobolsk in western Siberia. In April, 1918, they were moved again, hundreds of miles west to Ekaterinburg (now called Sverdlovsk), the metropolis of the Ural Mountains.

Immediately the royalist army of Whites in Siberia, reinforced by many liberated Czech war prisoners, began to press toward Ekaterinburg, in the hope of liberating the imperial family.

By July 14, 1918, Ekaterinburg, almost surrounded by Whites, was preparing to surrender.

But the Reds guarding the Czar felt that his rescue would be a staggering blow to the Bolshevik cause, and that the only way to prevent it was to kill not only Nicholas but his wife and son and four daughters, lest any one of them, free once more, become the inspiration and rallying point for counterrevolutionary activities.

Orders came from Moskow to the Ekaterinburg Committee of Workers and Peasants to shoot all the Romanoffs held prisoner.

The Czar and the six members of his family and their "several attendants" were told, on the night of July 16, that "disturbances" had broken out in town and that fighting might spread any minute to the street before their house. Consequently, for safety's sake, they must gather in a specified semibasement guardroom where they were to await the arrival of an automobile that would take them to new and less exposed quarters in a different part of the city.

When they had collected in the room and found chairs, their death sentence was read to them, and—to quote the

HALLIBURTON

WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

"You ask me about the execution! What does my wife know about it?"

brief and remarkably uninformative report of the official Bolshevik investigator—"they were shot."

Exactly by whom they were shot, by how many, and with what weapons, has always been subject to argument, since not one of the executioners themselves has heretofore revealed the facts. Reports about the number and identification of the attendants who also died have likewise varied. Some stories say there were only two attendants; others say six.

THE nine—or eleven—or thirteen bodies were taken eighteen kilometers out of town and buried—or burned—or flung into a mine shaft—or spirited away to an unknown destination.

Historians have written that the bodies have never been found; that the bodies have been found, and numerous jewels, icons, etc., with them.

It has been reported that the bones, jewels, and icons were sent to Moscow—to London—to Peking.

The very meagerness and inaccessibility of the facts have given rise to endless rumors, impostures, and speculations. An entire and very persuasive book has been written to prove that Anastasia, the Czar's youngest daughter, escaped and is still alive. But another book, just as persuasive, has been written to prove that she didn't escape and isn't alive.

The most authoritative account we have is the report made by Nicholas Sokoloff, the Whites' chief magistrate, who was commissioned by them, on their capture of Ekaterinburg, to conduct a relentless and exhaustive inquiry. This inquiry was a masterpiece of its kind. It left no stone unturned, no *available* witness unexamined, in the effort to learn the whole truth. All the testimony, however, had to come from circumstantial evidence and from witnesses whose participation in the crime was of such an innocent nature that they dared remain in Ekaterinburg and face White wrath. And even they did not forget that the chief participants, along with the Bolsheviks, would no doubt soon be back again, ready to skin alive any one who talked too much.

Despite these handicaps the inquisitors pieced together from secondhand evidence a generally correct picture of what happened. The picture revealed the hideous brutality of the massacre. It gave the names and biographies of all the assassins, branding them as the most odious criminals in all Russian history.

But we have had to wait seventeen years to get the full and final truth (with the exception of the Anastasia mystery, which is not yet solved) from an assassin himself.

The occasion was the delirious, reckless, and complete confession of one of the chief executioners. His

...ge twist of circumstance, ...self. ...To understa... newly revealed details in the last act of this fearful drama, it is necessary to review briefly the scenes that led up to it.

Few rulers in history have been so hounded by tragedy and misfortune, or so impervious to it, as Nicholas II. While Nicholas was still a small boy, his grandfather, Alexander II, was blown to pieces by a Nihilist bomb. His father, Alexander III, brought Russia to the peak of its imperial power and glory. But he was singularly uninterested in his oldest son and failed completely to give the child an education befitting a future Czar. Young Nicholas lived a twilight existence in a palace garden, unaware of the realities of life.

Nicholas ascended the throne at twenty-six, in 1894, a mild and inconsequential little man. At his coronation in Moscow three thousand people were crushed to death when they all tried at once to enter the gate of an amusement park where gifts were being distributed. And later, during the coronation ceremony, his badge of sovereignty fell from his shoulder to the ground. Being of a fatalistic and resigned nature, Nicholas was convinced that these two ill omens were divine prophecies that as a ruler he was doomed, and ever after he accepted rather than resisted his unhappy fate.

Only one virtue in Nicholas's character can historians find to praise—the trait which more than anything else was to bring him to his fearful end: his passionate and lifelong devotion to his young and, in her earlier years, extremely beautiful German wife, a princess from the little duchy of Hesse. They were married just before the coronation, Nicholas twenty-six, his bride twenty-two.

As Czarina, Alexandra soon proved to be as positive and willful a figure as her husband was apathetic and ineffectual. Once she became Empress, her whole heart was set upon maintaining the autocratic system. To this unfortunate bent were added chronic neurosis, religious mysticism, melancholia, and a tendency to hysteria whenever she was thwarted.

However, the Empress had fine qualities. During the first years of the war she worked day and night organizing her war hospitals. No Cossack in the Czar's army was a better Russian soldier than the Empress—born and bred a German.

But her well intended interference in Romanoff rule was fatal. Under pressure from her the Czar, with his lack of character and determination, was led from one folly to another, into defiance of every progressive political move, into the disastrous war with Japan, into the fateful decision in 1905 to fire upon the delegation of laborers who approached the Winter Palace against orders, resulting in the death of a hundred of the delegates.

All these grievances turned the Russians against their Czar. He came to be hated and despised. The spirit of revolt, long suppressed, grew stronger under her despotism and his incompetence. To cope with this rebellious movement thousands of political offenders were sent to prisons in Siberia.

Among these were Nikolai Lenin and Peter Ermakov.

Not content with the other misfortunes heaped upon the Czar, fate sent him four daughters in a row, when all Russia was praying for an heir to the throne. But at last, in 1904, these prayers were answered. A boy, Alexis, was born to the Czarina. Almost immediately the baby was found to be the victim of hemophilia (inability of the blood to clot and stanch its own flow), inherited from his mother's family. Anna Viroubova, the Empress's confidante and closest friend, in her Memories of the Russian Court* writes:

"The whole short life of the Czarevitch, the loveliest and most amiable *(Continued on page twenty-four)*

* Published in America by the Macmillan Company.

Czar Nicholas II in boyhood. No crown prince has had less training for rulership.

The Russian imperial family in 1914. Left to right: Grand Duchesses Olga and Maria, the Czar and Czarina, Grand Duchess Anastasia (who, according to persistent claims, escaped alive from the massacre of the family in 1918), the Czarevitch, Grand Duchess Tatiana.

The Czarevitch. He loved uniforms — and died in one.

HOW A FAMOUS SLEUTH TRAILED TAXI DRIVERS—QUIZZED FARMERS, SALESMEN —EVEN SHADOWED POLICEMEN

TO RUN DOWN EVIDENCE ABOUT G3

The saga of a spectacular tire hunt—which sent America's pioneer fingerprint expert on a 7,000-mile search for cold-turkey facts — with an ace reporter hot on his heels

(EDITORIAL NOTE: *We believe the man who pays out his good money for any product wants to read advertising based on something more than a good imagination and a good dictionary. Guided by this belief, we first introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather by presenting evidence of its performance taken straight from Goodyear test-fleet records. Now we carry our search for authentic evidence even farther by hiring a famous former operative from the New York Detective Bureau and present Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, to find out how this tire is behaving on owners' cars. Here is the true story of what he discovered, written for you by an ace reporter who went along.)*

By JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

TIRE hunting was a new job for Fingerprint Faurot, but he knew how to get the facts.

This famous man-tracker rose from the ranks — from beat-pounding rookie to Deputy Police Commissioner of New York — from uniformed cop to greatest scientific detective of his day—the first man to use fingerprints as evidence in an American court room.

So Goodyear sought out Faurot. They needed a super-sleuth for a daring job. They wanted to put their own tire under suspicion. They wanted to know how in the hands of actual users the famed "G-3" All-Weather was living up to its reputation for giving 43% more safety mileage. They wanted unimpeachable evidence, and Faurot was the man to bring it in.

That's how "the case of the "G-3" All-Weather Tire" came to challenge the skill of a great detective—and sent him zigzagging across the country. Tall towers and tumbleweeds — cow country and traffic-knotted streets — boulevards and back yards—byroads and Broadway —he covered them all in the greatest tire hunt in history.

Could any tire match this record?

You may remember how Goodyear "G-3" All-Weathers first made the headlines just about a year ago.

The problem on all tires then — even on Goodyears — was fast tread wear, due to the higher speeds and quicker stops and starts of the nimbler, more powerful new cars.

People wanted longer-wearing tires—and more non-skid safety, too—both of which came down to longer non-skid mileage.

In trying to find the answer, Goodyear even shipped granite grit from desert and mountain districts — made grindstones to test tread toughness.

Rubber smoked and shredded under that punishment. But one design stood out above all others. It was marked with the laboratory symbol "G-3".

And then came the road tests—a round-the-clock third degree on the test fleet. "Speed up to fifty—jam on the brakes—speed up to fifty—jam on the brakes!" Drivers worked in shifts—brakes burned out—but these "G-3" All-Weathers took it on the chin and came back for more. They beat their own famous predecessors in non-skid mileage by 43% — stood up twice as long as other tires tested against them.

But the question remained, how would this "G-3" All-Weather, despite its magnificent performance under test, stand up under the varying usage it would get in the hands of different drivers.

A full, true and complete answer to this question was Goodyear's demand—so the bold step was taken—and Fingerprint Faurot took up the trail.

Now comes the evidence!

Let's skip the patient hours of checking, shadowing, trailing every "G-3" tire and "G-3" user—and let the records speak for themselves. Here, in the crisply accurate notes of a scientific detective — shorn of everything except bare facts — are typical cases from the notebooks of Inspector Faurot:

Tire No. 35203277K — *one of set, all "G-3" All-Weathers — on light sedan. Spotted on Grand Boulevard, Detroit. Wyoming license number.*

Speedometer reading: *13,475. Tire mileage same. Upon examination of tread, felt slight prickling sensation in fingertips when passed along tire shoulder. Under magnifying glass, tiny slivers in rubber were discovered. Extracted samples, found them to be cactus thorns.*

Statement of owner: *Explained thorns by fact car is used for rabbit hunting, cutting straight across open prairie. Has formerly used Goodyear tires. Drove last set until worn to fabric at 30,000 miles. Refused to estimate comparison between former tires and "G-3."*

Evidence in tire: — *Tread shows very slight wear. Mileage now 44% of total received from former tires, and tread still in excellent condition. Non-skid mileage should equal* total *mileage received from former Goodyears.*

Let's try some more

Here are a few, packed down for brevity. Hundreds more like them are now locked in Goodyear's files:

Chicago salesman — *buying new "G-3's" to replace tires of other make on rear wheels. Mileage of "G-3's" on front 22,454 miles. Tread pattern still showing. Mileage of tires replaced 16,000.*

Michigan state police — *radio squad car, travels 24 hours a day. Speeds, 35 to 80 m.p.h. Mileage 20,341. Practically no sign of wear. At least 45% better than former tires.*

Georgia farmer—*mileage 21,113. Tread still so good no accurate comparison is possible of longer non-skid mileage.*

San Francisco credit manager — *mileage 19,501. Travels 15% dirt and gravel roads, 85% paved. Non-skid tread about half gone. Easily 50% better than former tires.*

• • •

We let these records speak for themselves. But one thing is missing to complete the real story of "G-3" All-Weathers—and that is the credit due to Supertwist, that super-resilient, extra-durable ply material inside every Goodyear tire — the one thing which could make this bigger, heavier, wider, flatter "G-3" tread a complete success.

With all their extra miles of safety — with all their added protection from blowouts built in every ply—these great tires *do not cost an extra cent to buy.*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

—because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

—because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

—because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire

AND QUICKER STOPPING SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Ermakov, who confessed to Richard Halliburton the truth about the massacre and his part in it. Drawn from a photo.

(Continued from page twenty-two)
child imaginable, was a succession of agonizing illnesses due to this congenital affliction. The sufferings of the child were more than equaled by those of the parents, especially his mother, who hardly knew a day of real happiness after she realized her son's fate. She dwelt morbidly on the fact that the disease had come from her side of the family."

This incurable disease doomed the Czarevitch to be a pain-racked invalid all his short life.

Who can blame the despairing mother for inviting into the palace the illiterate but designing peasant priest Rasputin when she heard, after having seen all the doctors of medicine fail to help the Czarevitch, that Rasputin had remarkable healing powers in his hands and gaze? And who can blame her for keeping him there when, through some hypnotic power, he was able to relieve the tortured child instantly?

The rest of the story of Rasputin is too well known to bear repeating. The scandals of his sway—scandals based partly on fact and partly on malicious fabrication—permeated to the farthermost frontiers of Russia. Coming to a climax in 1916, these evil stories deprived the Czar of the last vestiges of support he had from the people. To regain it, he allowed his wife to persuade him to take over the supreme command of the army—his final and greatest folly, for he revealed himself to the few loyal soldiers that remained as a rather foolish and pathetic child walking around in a general's uniform and wearing a beard.

On March 15, 1917, the revolutionists under Kerensky being in control everywhere, Nicholas was forced to abdicate. Four days later he and his entire family were arrested by the provisional government.

Shortly before the Czar's abdication, the Empress, alarmed at the trend of events, was seriously considering sending the children to England or Sweden until times were safer. But just when her mind was made up, and while there was yet a chance to escape, all five children came down simultaneously with bad attacks of measles. By the time they were well enough to travel, they were prisoners.

The family's first prison was merely within the grounds of their own palace at Tsarskoye Selo, some twenty miles outside Petrograd. Here they lived much as they had lived in the old days. The Czar turned the lawn into a vegetable garden, rowed on the lake, sawed wood, kept the weather reports up to date in his incredible diary, and received visits from Kerensky.

But outside, Russia was a roaring bonfire. Kerensky, fearing the growing strength of Lenin and his ruthless Bolsheviks, in August, 1917, bundled the imperial family on to a train and shipped them off to a new and far less pleasant prison in the Siberian city of Tobolsk.

Three months later, in November, 1917, the provisional government was violently overthrown by Lenin's Reds. Civil war seethed throughout the country. Laborers, soldiers, and peasants ran amuck. Meanwhile the royalists continued to plot to rescue Nicholas and smuggle him and his family to England. So many of

In this mansion, which their jailers made into a prison, the Czar and his family were killed.

© Sovfoto

Left: Rasputin, seated, with Prince Putyatin and General Laman, the Czarina's palace aide.

their agents were caught in Tobolsk by the Reds that the Commissars there decided to send the Romanoffs to the more loyally Red and better garrisoned city of Ekaterinburg, three hundred miles nearer Moscow.

The Czarevitch was suffering from an internal hemorrhage. He could not possibly be moved. Nevertheless, the Czar was ordered to go on ahead, under escort.

For the Empress this was a heartbreaking order. She had to choose between her husband and her son. Alexis had the family physician. The Czar had no one. So the Czarina threw her strength where there appeared to be the greater danger. After several hours of inward torture, during which the conflicting allegiances of wife and mother almost tore her apart, the Czarina decided to abandon her sick child in order to follow her husband because she feared his life was the more seriously menaced. If he was to die, then they would die together.

When she and the Czar departed they took Maria along, leaving the other three girls with Alexis, to follow as soon as possible. The commander of the Czar's escort, moved to pity by the anguish the Czarina was suffering, attempted to escape with the train to Moscow, feeling that she and Maria, at least, would fare better in the national capital. But he was headed off and forced to return to Ekaterinburg.

The best house in *(Continued on page twenty-six)*

$3,350
IN PRIZES
for Limericks!

There was an explorer named Hugh
Who was booked for a cannibal stew
But he just smoked a SPUD
And the stew was a dud
??????????????????

WRITE A "LAST LINE"

and win

$1000.00 IN CASH

1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, $1000.00.
438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

CONTEST CLOSES AUGUST 10, 1935

Do limericks tickle your funny-bone? Then whittle a point on the old pencil, for here's a contest made to your order. There's only a single line to write—but 1006 prizes to win! The first prize is $1000.00. There are 438 additional cash prizes ranging from $200.00 down. And 567 merchandise prizes of a carton of Spuds.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Spud wants you to get acquainted with *America's most refreshing cigarette.* That's why we are running this contest. We'd like you to know how *different* Spud's fresh, clean taste is from any other cigarette you've ever smoked —cool-treated or not.

So get a package of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your suggestion for the "last line" in the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address, and mail it so that it reaches us by Aug. 10. You can send in just as many lines as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

THERE ARE PLENTY OF PRIZES

Remember that each "last line" you send in has a chance at 1006 different prizes. And, better still, you can send in just as many as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "last lines," for instance, you'll have 10,060 chances to win!

But there are two things you are bound to win. One is a lot of fun out of thinking up those "last lines." And the other is a brand-new smoking thrill. For Spud's not only the cigarette that lets you keep a clean, fresh-tasting mouth from breakfast to bedtime. It's also the cigarette whose secret process discovered an entirely new *natural* flavor—by ridding fragrant tobacco of taste-spoiling heat. That's why you will hear so many Spud smokers say: "The longer you light 'em, the better they taste."

1006 PRIZES!

439 of them in cash!

First prize	$1000.00	cash
Second prize	200.00	cash
Third prize	100.00	cash
Fourth prize	100.00	cash
10 prizes of $25.00	250.00	cash
425 prizes of $2.00	850.00	cash
567 prizes of a carton of Spuds	850.50	
1006 prizes	$3350.50	

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Any one can enter (except employees of The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., their advertising agents, or their families).

2. Write your "last line" of the limerick on the reverse side of a Spud package front—see below—(or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and send by first-class mail to *Contest Dept. B, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky., in time for it to be received by Aug. 10, 1935.*

3. You may enter as many "last lines" as you wish, if they are all written on separate Spud package fronts (or facsimiles).

4. Prizes will be awarded on cleverness and aptness of the "last lines." Neatness and simplicity will count—elaborateness is unnecessary. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. All entries become the property of the Company.

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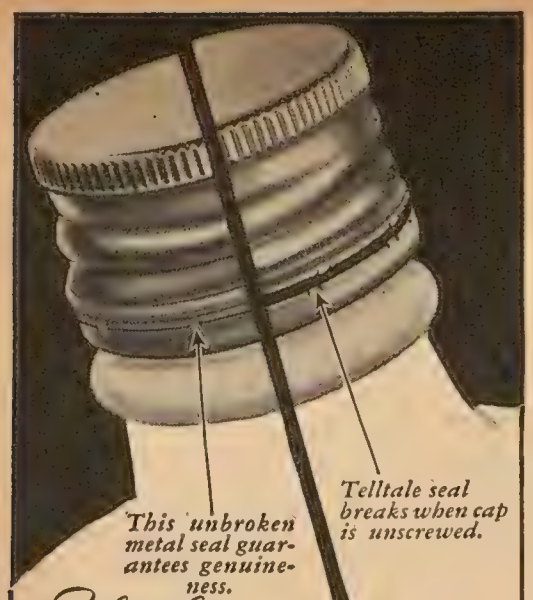

Schenley's
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
See advertisement . . . Page 44

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ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

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HOTEL PARK CHAMBERS

(Continued from page twenty-four)
town belonged to a rich merchant by the name of Ipatiev. He was dispossessed and the Romanoffs installed. A wooden stockade ten feet high was built around three sides of the house; the fourth side opened upon a closed garden. An officer and eight soldiers guarded the entrances.

Defending Ekaterinburg against the Whites was a ramshackle army of several thousand Bolshevik irregulars. But dominating the town was the usual Cheka, created to exterminate "counterrevolution and speculation." It ruled by assassinating everybody suspected of not harboring a passionate devotion to the Red revolution. Attached to it in Ekaterinburg, as everywhere else, was a formidable company of professional torturers and executioners. For the most part they were Latvians or footloose Austro-Hungarian war prisoners and Chinese. In Ekaterinburg the ringmaster of this murder committee was a savage and fanatical Jew named Yourovsky; his chief ally, a thirty-six-year-old ex-convict named Peter Ermakov.

Two and one half months after the delivery of the Romanoffs into the hands of this Cheka, shortly after one o'clock in the morning, a muffled fusillade of what sounded like rifle firing was heard in the basement of Ipatiev's house.

Armed with this much information about the Czar's life and death, I boarded a Trans-Siberian train at Moscow to make the forty-eight-hour journey to Sverdlovsk, formerly Ekaterinburg. My intention was to visit there the execution house (now a public museum) and if possible interview one of the firing squad.

THIS same journey, for the same purpose, had been taken numerous times before by foreign correspondents, beginning as far back as 1920. Always they were able to explore the prison house from top to bottom; it's wide open to the public from nine to five. But none of them had ever been able to locate one of the executioners.

It was not until 1933 that any progress in solving the mystery was made. In that year Stoneman of the Chicago Daily News learned that Peter Ermakov, whom Sokoloff in his report had accused of being one of the chief murderers and personally in charge of the cremation of the bodies, was not only still alive and still in Ekaterinburg, but actually warden of the local prison.

But when Stoneman tried to arrange an interview, Ermakov asked to be excused. No persuasion could budge him.

And so the situation stood when I arrived in Sverdlovsk.

Acting on the tip from Stoneman, I went with my interpreter straight from the railroad station to the prison. Yes, Ermakov was warden there. But he was not in, nor had he come to his office in the past three weeks. Reports said he was extremely ill.

I called his house by telephone and talked, through my interpreter, with his wife. The report of his sickness was true—cancer of the throat. Doctors were calling day and night; there had been a blood transfusion just that afternoon. He had not been out of bed in three weeks—was not allowed

Richard Halliburton, the young adventurer, explorer, and writer to whom Ermakov confessed. He has retraced the wanderings of Ulysses and the Spanish conquistadors' marches, and has girdled the earth in his own plane. Author of The Glorious Adventure, The Flying Carpet, etc.

to raise his hand. His voice was almost gone. The doctors would not allow him to try to speak to any one.

I hung up the receiver feeling defeated and discouraged. Suppose he should die without revealing the full facts! The story would die with him.

Wandering down the street, I had an inspiration. Mme. Ermakov! She had been so agreeable on the telephone—though obviously troubled. Why not ask *her* for an interview? Only five minutes. She might know all her husband knew, and be willing to answer a few questions. So I phoned a second time, stated my case quite frankly, and pleaded for the privilege of interviewing her at any hour or place she would name. To my delight and astonishment she invited me to come to the Ermakov apartment at eleven next morning. But I must appreciate the tension and anxiety in the household and make my questions short.

A handsome and pleasant woman of about forty, she received me and my interpreter as she had agreed. The tiny apartment contained a hall and two small rooms, furnished in the severest simplicity.

The moment I entered the hall I could hear Ermakov, through the half-open door, coughing and gasping in the next room. His bed was not six feet from where I stood. Realizing his wife had not overstated the degree of his illness, and that every moment I remained added to the imposition of my call, I prepared to be brief.

"I understand that your husband was one of the men who executed the Romanoffs," I began.

"How do you know?" she asked, thereby answering my question.

"The correspondents in Moscow told me," I said.

"Well, then, it is true."

"I'd like to hear about the firing squad. It is generally believed that it contained from ten to twelve soldiers. Have you ever heard your husband state the exact number?"

And then there came a hoarse and half-choking whisper from the sick-room—through the crack in the door:

"*Tell him there were only three of us.*"

Mme. Ermakov looked startled.

"There were only three," she repeated nervously.

I was trying to think fast. Ermakov was listening to every word, and evidently in a recklessly talkative mood. But perhaps I would be allowed only one more question before his wife cut short this conversation.

I turned to my interpreter. "Ask about Anastasia," I said, "and speak louder. Say that in America we understand that all the Czar's family were killed except Anastasia—who escaped and was smuggled out of Russia and taken to New York where she's living now."

The interpreter repeated in Russian, with raised voice. But before Mme. Ermakov could reply, the door was pushed wide open by a heavy hairy arm extending from the bed. "What's this? What's this—about Anastasia? You come inside here—*I'll* tell you what happened to Anastasia!" I crossed the threshold with beating pulse. "I spread her ashes with a shovel across five versts of Siberia—if you want to know where she is. Tell *that* to New York!"

Ermakov lay on a low crude Russian bed. Red-cotton quilts were piled around him, for in his thrashing about he had pushed them off his body. I saw a huge and rather fat man of fifty-three turning restlessly in his feverish efforts to breathe. His heavy fat chest rose and fell painfully with every gasp. He had not been able to shave for a month, so that a thick black beard covered his face. His hair, too, fell about his ears. His mouth hung open, and from one corner there was a trickle of blood. Blood stained his beard, his pillow, his sheets. Two bloodshot and delirious black eyes gleamed at me.

"Sit down—sit down. Don't stand there staring."

We three sat down in unconscious unresisting obedience to that tyrannical voice and those wild eyes—I on the edge of the bed. "You ask *me* about the execution!" he continued. "Don't ask my wife—what does *she* know about it?"

I looked at Mme. Ermakov. Should I leave? Should I stay? She was frightened at his violence, but realized he was determined to talk and might become more violent if we did not permit him to.

I would ask just one more question and then, for decency's sake, depart.

"Tell me, Comrade Ermakov, how did you kill the Romanoffs?"

It was shortly after eleven when, straining and gasping for each word, he began to answer me. When I finally said good-by to him it was half past two.

What manner of man was Ermakov? A fanatical Red avenger? Or a plain brutish killer? Read his own answer in next week's installment, and let him tell you in his own words—set down by Mr. Halliburton—how he and his mates tormented the Romanoffs until he wrote their death sentence.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Is Iraq the name of a person, a plant, a town, or a country?

2—Is William A. Julian treasurer of the Standard Oil Company, the National Baseball League, Madison Square Garden Corporation, or the United States?

3—What is a male goose called: gosling, grayling, gander, or grebe?

4—Which of these words is spelled incorrectly: posthumous, pertinacity, prevarication, perseverence, propagation?

5—Is the expression "How are the mighty fallen!" from the Koran, the Bible, the Rubáiyát, or Paradise Lost?

6—What American actress had a baby which became known as "the Act of God baby"? Was it Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, or Alice Joyce?

7—Was Dr. Syntax really a doctor of law, science, medicine, or music?

8—Is the official language of Vatican City Italian, French, English, Greek, or Latin?

9—What important state office was held successively by William Langer, Ole H. Oleson, Thomas H. Moodie, and Walter Welford between July 16, 1934, and February 2, 1935?

10—Is Willard Huntington Wright a celebrated author, actor, architect, or engineer?

11—Where, in America, is the only exact reproduction in the world of the Parthenon at Athens?

12—How long before a wedding should the invitations be sent out: two, three, or four weeks?

13—Is Private Worlds a novel, song, play, or movie?

14—Are there one, three, five, or seven blue stars on the flag of an admiral of the United States navy?

15—What kind of a pig is a sand hog?

16—Is the Italian Camorra a variety of grape, a historical building, or a kind of marble?

17—Should formal invitations be written in the first, second, or third person?

18—How are the following classified: (a) a laughing jackass; (b) a chipmunk; (c) a woodchuck; (d) an eel?

19—What is Admiral Byrd's home address?

20—When was the expression "flaming youth" first used? Did it occur in a modern novel, a moving picture, or a play?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

"SO SORRY"

"I'm such an awkward dancer—
I'm afraid I ruined your shoe!"

DON'T WORRY

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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Socko Is Shocked by a New Jolt of Trouble, but Wins a Decision and a Purse—and Makes Up His Mind to Surrender All to Love

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Savoy-Mills Hotel
Stuyversand Square,
New York.

Dear Ginger,

Listen Toots, I'm in a terrible jam. This trained nurse Vivian thats been massagin my muscles wants to lead me to the Mendelsohn. Can you imagine those?

No kiddin, *she's serious*, an as for me, I'm just about nuts! So please Ginger tell me what I should do?

Here's the low-down on the whole business.

In the first place, Dave Mulcahy my crackpot manager made arrangements for me to step six frames with Stovecoal Jackson down in Scranton, Pa. Well, as I was low in the bucks, I decided to clip the rap by takin a bus. Anyway, I was just in the act of packin my keyster when who gives me a bell but Vivian.

" Listen Socko," she says, " I've *got* to see you this minute. I *must*. Its terribly *important*. I'm in *trouble*, Socko. I *must* see you."

" Theres not a chanced in the world, kid," I says, " because I'm shovin off for Scranton on the 6:45 bus an I just have time to scram to the Terminal." An I hangs up.

I was tryin to let her down easy for *your* sake.

Well Cutie, I no more than barged into the sixty passenger roadster than who parks her form beside me but *Vivian*. No foolin, you coulda knocked me over with a paper napkin I was that surprized.

" Oh Socko," she said, " please don't scold me. I'm terribly lonesome, an besides, somethin *awful* has happened. Its a matter of *life* or *death*."

Then she blew up. She flopped her head on my double-breaster an did nothin but turn on the weeps. No matter how I tried, I couldnt get her to pipe down or tell me what was bitin her.

Anyway, when the flyin lounge rolled into a breakway gas station I said to her I said, " Hey, pull yourself together! Lets grab a bite."

With that I led her to a hot mut stand an ordered a pair of spaniels.

Later, when we climbed aboard the lugger, she opened up with her load of grief.

" Read this! " she says.

With that she handed me a note that looked like it had been written on a second-hand blowout patch. It read:

Mezanine Floor,
Sing Sing.

Darlin Babe,

Meet 2 Gun Charlie, the bearer of this note. Theyre springin me from this trap *Wednesday*. Be all set for quick trip to Whistlevale, Conn. Arrangements made to stick-up Nutmeg National Bank. Grab sawd-offs and box of slugs parked in my mattress at Mrs. Gimp's boardin house. Tell Spike to slough the rods in a golf bag.

Get-away car will pick you both up at One Lung Sing Small's laundry 10 ayem sharp. Tell Spike to try an choose a black sedan en route. If bank job scores—choose your sables.

Yourn till the bitter end, CAL.

" Who's this lovely person? " I said to Vivian.

" Oh Socko, I can't hold out any longer," she cried. " *He's my husband!* "

" Now aint that a nice load of smelts," I says. " If I'd known you were a gat-guys moll you'd never have laid a finger on me. Since when did *you* meet this jovial playboy? "

Well Ginger, I all but folded when she gave me the business about her *past* an her *married life*.

GINGER

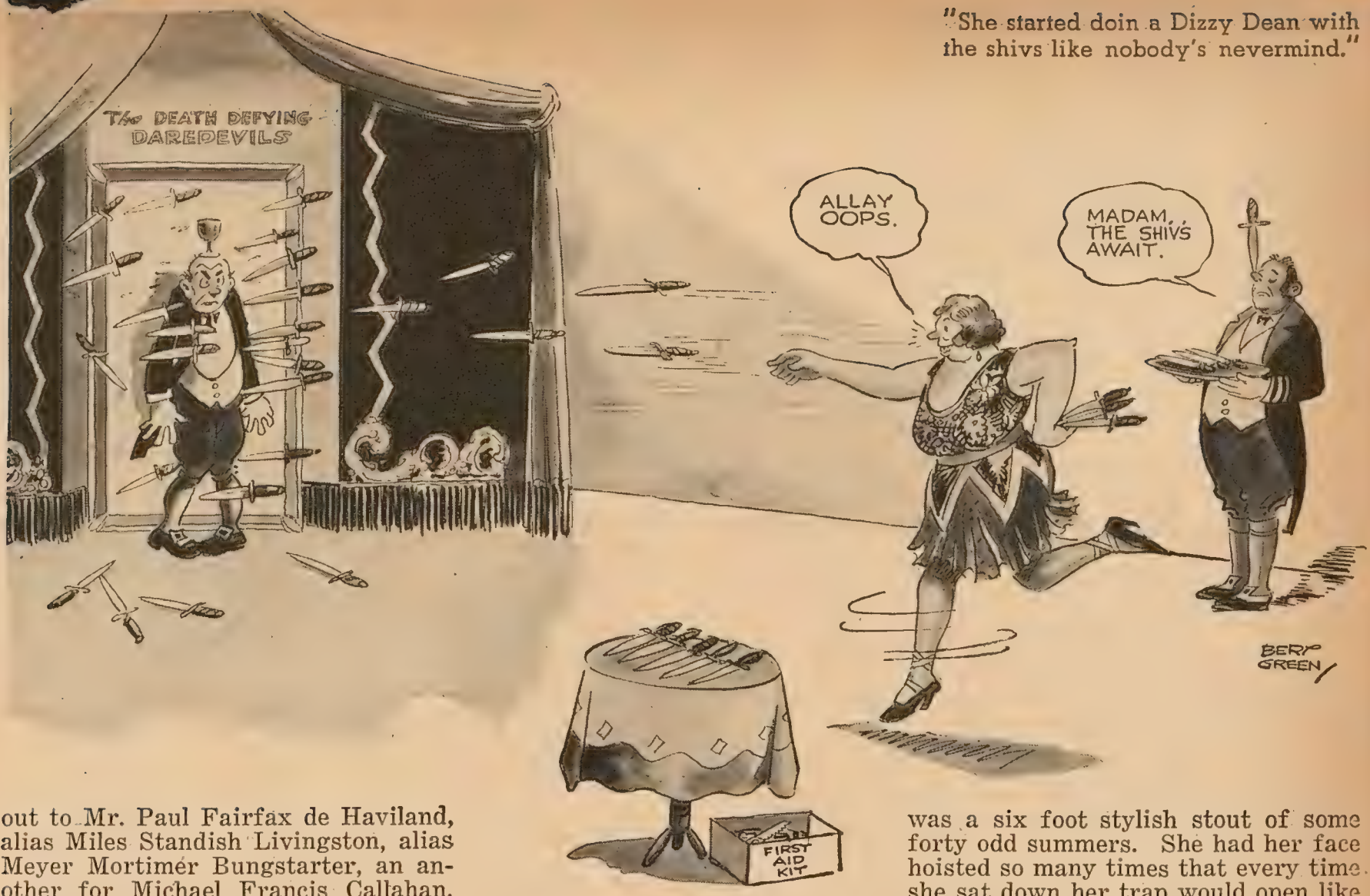
To begin with, Vivian said she met the gentleman at a cocktail party in Boston. He said his name was Paul Fairfax de Haviland. He told her he was a Wall Street bankeroo an that he lived in a Park Avenue pent house. He said he sported eight nags at Westbury an played a mean chucker of polo—whatever the hell that is. Vivian told me that she went for him hook, line, sinker, worms an half the pier.

SOCKO

Well, theyd no sooner been spliced than they flew to New Yawk an parked themselves in a swanky hotel to spend their funnymoon. Her new husband was just in the act of knockin the chapeau off a bottle of Jersey Champaine when a flock of gentlemen began bangin on the door.

The gentlemen came from the Fourth Precinct. Vivian said they had a lot of callin cards in their hands made

"She started doin a Dizzy Dean with the shivs like nobody's nevermind."



out to Mr. Paul Fairfax de Haviland, alias Miles Standish Livingston, alias Meyer Mortimer Bungstarter, an another for Michael Francis Callahan. Printed all over the invertations were heights, weights, measures an portraits of finger prints.

The Sargeant told Mrs. de Haviland that Mr. Callahans presence was requested down at Headquarters for a little matter not accordin to Culbertson. Accordin to Vivian it seems that Cal had lifted a plum-colored, chronium trimmed limozine from in front of the Racket an Tennis Club. The cop said it was worth 16 thousand slugs if it was worth a dime. When they found it in a collapsable garage, Callahan had revamped it into two coups, a roadster and a motorcycle. Can you feature a yegg like him posin as a *society dood* when he was grabbin his cakes an java by *heistin cars?* Never the less, you gotta give the bird credit for usin his scull, because the cops had enough raps on him to file him in the cooler forever. Accordin to Vivian, Cal got in touch with a very conservative law firm by the name of Dodge, Wriggle & Twist. They tried to prove that he was very busy pedalin pipes around the arena in the six day bike race during the week the autoes were lifted.

Vivian bein the swell kid that she is, made up her mind that she would do her best to try an steer her public enemy over the straight an narrow an maybe make a man of him. So-the-however, while Cal was out on bail, she very sweetly suggested that it would be a cute idea if he would invite her home to meet his Mom and Pop.

Well Kid, Vivian told me that as soon as she ankled into the Callahan mansion she knew right away that she was boxed in with a tribe of tramps. Old Man Callahan had a forehead a half inch high, a four day beard an an infra red nose like a tail light. When Vivian lamped him he was sittin in the parlor in his red flannel shirt restin a big bare foot on the mantel-peace. His other leg was missin. It seems that the thing got warped so he sent it away to a tree surgeon to have a wood pecker taken out of it.

Accordin to her, Old Man Callahan was a very prominent citizen during the prohibition era. As near as I could figure he used to highjack booze trucks with hand grenades durin the wee hours of the ayem.

Vi said Mrs. Callahan was a sweet little lass too. She was a six foot stylish stout of some forty odd summers. She had her face hoisted so many times that every time she sat down her trap would open like she was laffin. Vivian said that she used to have a catsy little act in vaudeville but she had to put it in Kanes warehouse due to a slight accident.

It seems that her first husband used to stand in a gold frame on the stage an the Mrs. would toss carvin knives at him. Accordin to Vi, the first night the act opened at the Palace, Mrs. Callahan had a ravin toothache. In fact, it bothered her so much that she trecked into a Forty-Ninth Street dive an ordered a double jolt of Old Grave Digger from Glasgow.

Well Ginger, when Mrs. Callahan stepped into her act she was rarin to go. She was about as chipper as a fan dancer. She started doin a Dizzy Dean with the shivs like nobody's nevermind, an before she knew it, her big hearted hubby was pinned to the wall like a public notice.

Well, after the fireworks blew over, Mrs. Callahan put the cutlery in camphor an entered a bran new profession, that of runnin beer. When Vivian's father-in-law met her for the first time she was reclinin on the back of a beer truck with three rods in her lap. Her job was to tattoo hearts an flowers on the highjackers when they became too clubby. Mr. Callahan managed to save his life by talkin fast, which resulted in a shot-gun weddin.

VIVIAN

Well, everything went along hotsy-totsy with the Callahans until the bootleggin racket pfffd. After that they didn't know where there next pot roast was comin from. Finally Old Man Callahan suggested that they should hop into some sure fire profession. The upshot was that Mr. Callahan took a mail order course in undertakin an the old lady became a midwife. So you see Ginger, they got em goin an comin. A yell, ain't it?

Well, that gives you some idea, Sweetie Pie, of the kind of a family poor little Vivian stepped into. A can heister, a gat guy an a shiv tosser. Sounds like the Social Register, don't it?

Now that I've told you all about Vivian an *her* family, you can see what a sweet spot *I* was in. Here was I with a gat-moll on my hands, six bucks in my kick an the big bout with Coalstove Jackson starin me in the face. What fun! To add to my troubles, I hadnt had a workout in so long I was afraid I couldnt fight my way out of a tar bag.

Try as I might, I couldnt get rid of Vivian. Shakin her was like tryin to duck a double order of tonsilities. She said she'd stick for the fight an foller me back to Noo Yawk, regardless.

Anyhow, the next night when I climbed through the ropes of the Murderous A. C. to shake hands with Stovecoal Jackson I couldnt have rated a cheer from the mob if I'd had pictures of Braddock an Baer pasted all over me.

When the first bell rang I tore out of my corner an very foolishly buried my right eye in Jackson's left glove. This fox pass all but finished the bout an me too. I managed to crawl to my feet just in time to beat the count an as I did so, Stovecoal let go a murderous right hook that was scheduled for the roof. Seein him off balance, I pasted him with a cloudburst of lefts an rights to his body an pinned him to the ropes. This surprize attack wowed the mob an all but winded me. I followed up with a wild swing to his lunch room an if it hadnt been for the gong the entertainment would have ended.

The second an third rounds were not worth the mention. We just exchanged clouts an went into clinches until the fight fans began yellin an stampin their feet goshawful.

"Get goin, you mugs!" squarked the referee. "Whatyer think this is—a morgue?"

These sweet words woke Jackson up like he'd been stuck with a hypo needle. Without any announcement he smacked me a glancin blow on the smeller that uncorked the gravy. Not only that, but he heeled me with his glove. Well, after that I got red headed an made up my mind that I'd murder him. I tore loose with a sizzlin upper cut that landed on the button. After that he was duck soup. The end came in the fourth when I whammed him over the heart with a round-house right an he folded like a rug. The referee havin seen enough bloodshed for the evenin raised my duke declarin me the winner.

A couple or three hours later me an Vivian was on the rattler headin for Broadway an for the first time in weeks I win me a bout an have 500 smackers in my kick.

Now come the *headaches.*

Well, all the way back on the train, Vivian did nothin but rave about my fightin. Not only that, but she leaned on the Number One marriage sales talk. She let on that we could get a little dump in Grinitch Village on Mac Dougal Street where two could live as one an all that mallarkey.

She said she could get her marriage unhooked through a Mexican grease ball by the name of Roderigo Goemez who specialized in hit-an-run divorces. Accordin to her, Roderigo could slip her the transfer for the small sum of 400 bucks. An then, if you please, she very sweetly put the clamp on me for the dough. Imagine?

To top the fun, Vivian said that if I *didn't* come through with the sugar she would tip the mit to her two-gun playmate that me an her had been pastimin it together while he was in the iron boardin house, and that as soon as Cal had been sprung he would *get his irons together an use me for a shootin gallery.* A spot, what?

Now I ask you Ginger, what am I goin to do? Honest, *I'm desperate.* Please wire me collect. If I don't hear from you by Wednesday, read my write-up in Callahan's obituary column.

Your ever lovin Dream Boy, SOCKO.

P.S. Listen Sweetie Pie, my relations with Vivian have always been on the up an up. Theys only one girl in this world, an thats YOU! Honest, its the truth.

Beverly Crest Hotel,
Hollywood, Califilmia.

Dear Socko,

Well Dearie, it looks like youre on the spot. You wouldnt take *my* advice, would you, you crackpot? When that gat guy oozes out of the cooler he'll probably teach you a lesson to lay off strange bedroom bandits. It serves you right for shadow boxing with the underworld. I could have told you right from the beginning that that red-headed muscle moll was cemetery bait, but youre too smart to be told anything,—especially by a *girl.*

For the time being, while I'm meditating over the sweet situation youre in, just let me give you the low-down about the way *I'm* clicking em off. To begin w[illegible], that quickie picture I worked in,—"The Passionate Pot Rassler," turned out to be a sensation. Yep, its the first quickie that ever had a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Honestly Socko, you should have seen me coming down Hollywood Boulevard with my leading man, Rex Holmes in his No. 2 Rolls. No foolin, we had a motorcycle escort and everything.

As for *me,* I was all decked out in a green chiffon silhouette sensation trimmed with kolinsky and spattered with crystal beads. Over this I wore a silver evening wrap. My boy friend Rexie lifted it for the night from Claudette Crawford's dressing room. Honestly, it fit my curves so close that when I stepped to the mike in front of the Chinese theatre I could hear the johns' necks snap out of joint.

Well, you can imagine how I felt Socko, to be surrounded by all the famous profiles in pictures. Yes, an me coming from Chatam Square!

The only thing I *didnt* like about the evening was that the Hayes Office had switched the title of my opry from "The Passionate Pot Rassler" to "The Wandering Whistle." Now I ask you!

Anyhow, the picture was such a *smash* that after it was over a big casting director by the name of Ben Stoop from Microbe-Goldberg & Myer offered me a seven-year contract, but Rexie told me to take it slow and think it over.

On top of this break, the studio that I did the work for presented me with a bonus check of *100 smackers.*

Imagine that, a thing unheard of!

Well anyway, ever since the opening I've been rushed off my feet with offers, invitations and propositions. Everything from endorsements for hair waves to scribbling my life story for the fan magazines. Yes, an just to give you an idea of how lonesome I've been, Rex Holmes took me to a marvelous balloon dance at the Cocoanut Grove and blew the works on me. We had everything from Venison Parisienne to quantro triple sec. When we finally rolled out at dawn, believe me Sweetie, I was floatin on the crest of a wave.

I no more than bounced into my hotel than the manager handed me a pack of phone messages a greyhound couldnt jump over. Among them were *six calls* from my pal *Mr. Goodwin,* the big shot director, telling me not to sign any papers until he saw me. Also, he wanted to date me up for a Ritzy house party at Lake Arrowhead. He said that all the stars would be there.

To add to the excitement, I'm being driven balmy trying to figure out what I should do about Rexie and Mr. Goodwin. The truth of the matter is, they no sooner get me secluded than they *start proposing.* And if you dont think I'm tempted, youre dizzy.

Nevertheless Socko, no matter how hard I try I cant forget all the laughs and heartaches you and I have had together, knocking around beaneries, honky-tonks and dance dives. And when I think of you, you big dunce, playing around with that manslaughter queen, I could crown you.

Nevertheless I'm goin to give you just *one more chance* and believe me *this is the last!* One more crack out of you about that bedroom bandit and it will be *period,* new paragraph for you and me. Get me? Take my tip, check that dame before her gentleman friend from Sing Sing typewrites his initials in your double breaster! Laugh that off!

As always, GINGER.

WESTERN UNION

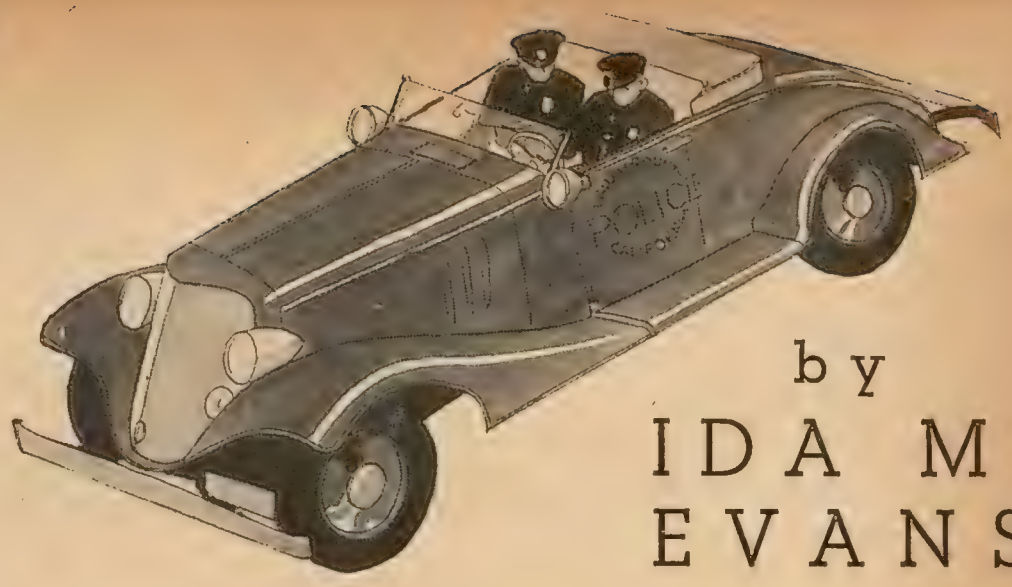
NM NEW YORK NY 6 30P
GINGER RYAN
BEVERLY CREST HOTEL
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
VIVIAN AND ME ALL WASHED UP STOP BUT NOW THEYS A FRENCH FRAIL HOT ON MY TRAIL STOP WHAT WILL I DO STOP WRITING YOU EVERYTHING SOCKO

But this is not the end of Socko and Ginger. The course of true love never did run smooth. Some more hilarious stories concerning them will appear soon.

FLIGHT

Liberty's Short Short

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS



by IDA M. EVANS

AT breakfast, on a golden April morning, David Beyton decided to leave Lucia Beyton—the woman who for six years had done her utmost to make him happy.

Lucia Beyton was a tall fair-haired young woman who took life seriously: life, religion, love, radio news programs, morning cereal, clean pajamas, clean nails, clean teeth, and—worst of all—reading matter.

David loved her—after his fashion. But he had come sullenly to resent her ever-engrossing possession of him, his habits, his days, his personality.

This dish of cereal, for instance. Why should he spoon it down his throat when he hated it? Hated it, the blue-flower dish which held it, the smug blue plate upon which the dish sat each morning. Had there been one morning in six years that Lucia had not said gently yet firmly, "But, David, you must eat your cereal. It is part of a well balanced breakfast,"?

She told him what to eat, when to eat, when to go to bed, when to waken, when to bathe, when to wash his teeth, how much money he might spend, what kind of clothes to wear and when and how— And he was fed up.

Would she miss him much?

He debated this. He salved his conscience with the thought that she might not miss him at all. Who can tell what is in a woman's mind? Often enough she implied that at times he got in her way, annoyed her.

Well, anyhow, he was determined to go.

David was a good-looking young male. He had the thick blond hair, always mussed, which mothers and fictionists raved over. His profile was Dempsey-Grecian. It was the result of a forty-niner's union with a pretty school-teacher from Boston.

The forty-niner was David's great-grandfather, long since dead. But David had heard enough about the gold rush in the earlier century. The gold had somehow melted away in three generations' hands. And, to do this younger David justice, he was not leaving Lucia because he liked money. The joy of seeking was the lure. And since, on this April day, the very sky was a bright blue denial that man was created to sit in a house and be woman-run, David Beyton impulsively left his home and Lucia.

He left with few preparations, little ceremony. An old loose sweater lay near by on a wicker settee. He took it and what money he had in the house. He walked swiftly down the bright flower-dotted street, turned a corner, walked fast—faster—drawing long free breaths. He had left Lucia—he dared her to catch him!

Four streets away from his home, he met, somewhat by prearrangement, a friend likewise somewhat bored with home and life. This was Sebastian Ramon, descendant of a man who had accompanied David's great-grandfather on a similar hunt long back.

Sebastian had agreed that a jaunt to the Mojave, to investigate this story of gold, was worth any man's time. This morning he was less enthusiastic. He had not much of a home to leave. Perhaps that was why he now argued that the story was maybe the newspaper's creation, for headlines.

Maybe anticipation is the only real life man knows. Maybe the dark moments which came into David Beyton's day were what a Dreiser or an Anderson would have called phases.

There was a tiny blonde girl with no prejudices in the favor of formal introductions to gentlemen. David met her in a street which he later remembered for its low pastel-painted bungalows. Their association lasted a gay while, then a sorry while. Eventually they parted with dislike for each other. She was a congenital chiseler. She demanded even the tiny silver-handled penknife which Lucia had given him on his recent birthday. He had brought it along not for any sentimental reason but because it was a knife. "Pig," blonde Claire in the end dubbed him.

After the episode with this girl came the printing-office episode, the drug-store episode, the passing hurdy-gurdy friend, and the woman at the tourist camp.

She was a large-bosomed woman who took an instant fancy to David Beyton, who liked her well enough after his fashion. But he had run from one possessive woman, and he was in no mind to be grabbed and held by another. He preferred tiny vain greedy Claire of earlier time and looser meeting.

Without farewell he got away from that tourist camp. Why must women kiss and embrace and talk baby talk and push food at a man until he is sick of what his ears hear and of what his eyes see?

There followed a long spell of lonely wandering. Sebastian was no longer with him. Gone home, probably. David made few friends. He was not a mixer, so called. And he slipped—slipped. Deteriorated is hardly the word. But certainly he lost that look of clean living, daily bathing, fresh clothing which had been Lucia's fetish. And in the end he was wanted—by the police.

IN '49 he would not have been taken so easily, without forewarning. In '49 California was less thickly settled. There were no tourist camps, no filling stations, no short-wave radio sets, no merciless universal system of telegraph wires.

He was sitting beside a road, unkempt, nursing an injured knee, when a black car drove alongside and two men got out.

"This must be him," one said briefly.

"Fits the description," declared the other. "Buddy, get up. We're taking you for a ride."

David considered for a moment. He might refuse to be taken. He might take to his heels. But—to what avail? They'd get him in the end.

Besides, in the West were banked ominous low black clouds foretelling rain, cold, misery. And his chest had hurt lately. And his knee—

Without force he was put into the car. His captors were not unkind. They taunted him with his capture, but not with actual malice. He pretended to sleep. And presently he slept, being very tired.

Soon enough he was awakened by the white glare of a police station. Dazed, he opened his eyes. He saw other prisoners, grimy men, unpleasant women. So this was the end of his free day!

And then he saw Lucia, coming from a seat along the station wall. She had been crying.

At sight of her David sobbed.

Into her arms he went, eagerly, this freedom seeker.

"I ran away—and I got lost all day, muvver—and I was sorry," sobbed six-year-old David Beyton.

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I went—all in a blind rush—down a little steep stairway toward Archie, and held out my hands.

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

by

DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THIS is the amazing story of the life and loves of Violet Chester, one of the brightest stars of the Capers of 1910, told in her own words.

Tragedy overlay her rise to fame as America's most noted beauty. She caused the death of her drunken father, a gifted artist, when she pushed him against a table top and his skull was fractured. She fell in love with Archie O'Riley, a young law student, the brother of her stage chum, Lora.

Against Lora's wishes, she married him, but on her wedding night Tommie Greeley, the rich and personable playboy whose hand she had spurned, died of a heart attack while a visitor in her hotel suite. The tragedy was doubled when Archie, who had been denied entrance to the room during the innocent interlude, left her without seeking any explanation, fully convinced she had been unfaithful.

Then Violet heard the terrible news that her sister Mildred had been struck by a hit-and-run driver that same

A New, Tense Chapter in the Intimately Revealing Chronicle of a Famous American Beauty's Past

night. She could only believe that it was Archie, driving like a madman. So when Lora asked her to free her brother, she assented. The marriage was annulled.

Desperate, Violet fell into the arms of Lester Roth, a fat and fortyish playboy with an overfondness for drink. Coldly calculating her future, Violet encouraged him, and then, using his money, paid for the operation which saved her sister's life but necessitated the amputation of a leg.

But Archie was still on her mind. Weighed down with remorse over the tragic end of her marriage she unleashed her wrath on Lora one night backstage at the Capers, and slapped her. Ratzoff, the producer, fired her. Two days later she was married to Lester.

They were Europe-bound on their honeymoon, and Lester lay asleep in their cabin in a drunken stupor. Trying to clear her mind, Violet went up on deck late at night to breathe in the fresh ocean air. Some one called to her from the deck below. She looked down and saw—Archie!

PART THREE—AN INTERLUDE OF MADNESS

ALL of us have a special moment that is incised sharply in our minds. If we stop for a space in the daily confusion, that memory is there clear and inescapable, just as when we stop to listen to the tick of a mantel clock.

Always I see the prow of a huge liner, rising and dipping as if making a royal bow in the moonlight; always I feel the whip of ocean wind that carried the sting of salt; always I'll hear the voice I loved calling my name.

I went—all in a blind rush—down a little steep stairway toward Archie, and held out my hands. A gust tore at my fur cape and nearly knocked me over. I stumbled against a railing, and everything seemed wet and dark. I caught hold of a rope and pulled myself upright. Just below me Archie was climbing up—as lightly and swiftly as an animal. He chinned himself over the top rail that separated us. His arms were around me. Sure that I wasn't hurt, we both began to laugh—it was a kind of weeping—that soft silly whimpering laughter broken by words and kisses.

These were those few moments before intelligent thought cut the spell of seeing each other. Then through a mist I began to realize that his boyish face seemed gaunt and his eyes were not clear. As he held my hands feverishly and began almost at the same moment to check up on me detail by detail, I realized that Archie's breath was hardly that of a baby. He was an Irishman on the loose. And there are few things looser.

Immediately the spirit went out of everything. I had had a sufficiency of overliquored people and wondered if

Archie had been cold sober if he would have climbed over the rail to me. I felt suddenly old—as if nothing were ever worth the dream.

"I feel sick," I mumbled, and turned away from him.

"What's the matter, Vi?"

"I haven't been well. I'm just—I've got to go, Archie, right now . . ."

He caught at my arm. Even in the moonlight his blue eyes were bleary under their thick black lashes.

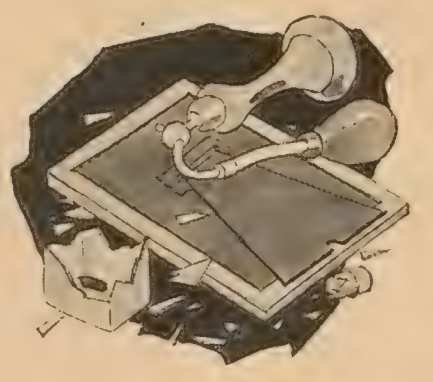
"But, Vi—I've got to see you . . ."

"Tomorrow," I nodded.

I turned and ran from him. Down the long swaying deck. I was crying loudly, I knew. I couldn't stop it. But once inside the ship, the warmth and that high-handed air of a public place privately run calmed me down. I realized suddenly that I didn't know my cabin number. I didn't know my way around the ship.

It was deserted as a church is, with much the same to-do about it. Eventually I found a tired chap in a white coat, and ignoring his obvious suspicion of me, I tried to explain.

I'm very good when I get to explaining, and after letting me describe half the junk in the room, he let me in without rousing the ship.



A comforting interlude. By that time I didn't want to cry any more. I undressed slowly, bathed my face, looked in on the sprawl that was Lester, and shuddered. He was a sight to scare little children. I closed the door between us and flung myself face down on the bed. I thought of everything and there was nothing I wanted to think of. Mama and Mildred, the show that had given me a spot for such a little time, Lora and Archie, Tommie and Lester and marriage that was no marriage. There were no pleasant thoughts in all the world.

I heard a short swift succession of raps on my door. I sat up, dazed. The elaborate watch some business friend of Lester's had given us said 3.40 A. M.

"Violet,"—soft and insistent.

I went over and opened the door.

He came in, closed the door, and glanced fleetingly around the room. Then he faced me, head erect and defiant, an ingratiating grin on his lips. There was nothing remotely alcoholic about him now. He was nervously sober, as exhilarated as some one freshly out of a shower, keyed with an excitement that crackled in his blue eyes and glistened on his large even teeth.

"Archie,"—I tried to sound casual—"I think you'd better go."

"You don't want me to, Violet."

HIS eyes made me dizzy. I reached for the knob and opened the door. With one gentle movement he kicked it closed. His eyes had never wavered. I felt trapped and caught at the first thought.

"Aren't you third-class?"

He nodded, his grin broadening.

"Where are you going, Archie?"

"Around the world." He thrust his hands into his pockets, leaned up against the wall, his tone insolent and reckless. "Yes, around the world in search of an honest woman."

"Let me know if you find one."

"In search of my immortal soul," he continued, "which I lost because I was brought up to believe in love."

"That's not fair. You, who were going to be a lawyer—never hearing the other side of the case. You judged on circumstantial—"

"How quickly little girls learn phrases and how wise they sound," he interrupted dramatically.

"I wish you would get out!"

But he still looked at me, ignoring my anger, which dribbled away under the draw of his gaze. He seemed shabby. His shirt was faded, his tie lifeless.

"Are you going around the world on nothing?" I asked mechanically.

"I can work. If there's no work for a man, I can dance. I shan't starve. And I shan't come back until I've seen every country ever organized by man or God."

"Archie, how did you get up here?"

His smile became sarcastic as if asking me how it mattered.

"I could call—ring—and have you in a nice fix . . ." My voice couldn't hold. It faded off feebly, and for a time we were silent.

He came a step closer to me. His eyes were very blue and very lonely and they were filled with a pain I had known. There was no dodging his question, or his insistence on an answer. We had been married once, we two—and what had happened to us . . .?

"Archie—Archie," I heard my voice as it had cried so many nights into a pillow, "why did you run away? Why did you ever leave me?"

He reached out one hand, grasped my wrist, and pulled me close.

"Don't let's talk about it," he said huskily. "It's all been hell."

"But, Archie, if you had only let me explain—"

His hand on my wrist tightened so that I broke off with a choked cry. His face was harsh.

"There's nothing you can explain—Mrs. Roth."

THE surprise in my face shocked him. His eyes turned poisonously cold like blue lead and he dropped my wrist.

"You thought I didn't know about your marriage?" He turned, as if he didn't trust himself, and walked to the porthole. "Even the third class—even the stokes on this ship know about the holy public show the millionaire Roth made of himself in the lounge tonight. So drunk he fell off a chair."

He turned suddenly and glanced at me.

"You needn't explain that either. I'm not interested."

He shook his head as if to clear it and walked over to the dressing table. He picked up the picture of Lester in its silver frame and studied it.

"If he's not sober enough to enjoy his honeymoon, that's his grief." He tossed the picture face down in the jungle of bottles and jars.

"But it seems to me, Violet, that I've been done out of one."

"Archie—that's horrible."

"I suppose it is." His voice was unashamed, slow, and measured. "But on my wedding night my wife was with another man. There's probably a simple reason for it, but that won't change the fact he was where he had no right. It doesn't matter why you married a rich rounder with a reputation for boozing. There's probably a good reason besides his millions. But I wouldn't swallow it. The fact is you're married to him—a week after our annulment. That's clear as crystal."

His voice was brittle, but there was a hint of sobs behind his anger.

He came closer now. There was a prowling restlessness in his body that made me feel both guarded and pitying.

"But you won't be happy, Violet. You'll never be happy with any one but me—because you love me. . . . Don't you?"

I nodded. I couldn't speak.

"That's all that matters then," he sighed.

He put his head on my shoulder, his face in my neck, his arms so tightly about me that I couldn't raise my arms.

"Archie," I mumbled. "You love me too . . ."

"I can't get you out of my mind." His voice, muffled against my neck, reached me from a great distance.

"We've been such fools, Archie. We can't forget—we can't live without each other. We're all that matters, Archie, however we manage it."

He straightened up. The veins stood out on his head, his voice was strained as if swallowing blood. He did love me. No power on earth could possibly change that.

But no amount of talk would ever make him believe I was decent.

He took my face in both his hands. His lips were so close to mine that I felt giddy.

"I can't drink enough to forget you," he was telling me. "I can't concentrate on anything, or stay in one place. I can't even be interested in what I read. And all the while I hate you and everything you've done and stand for and all your kind."

"No, Archie—no—you don't."

"And I hate myself for loving you. I'll never love you again—but I want you, Violet—I want you."

"But I love you so. Archie, we could start all over. We could—"

"No, never. I'm telling you fairly. I married you once. I gave you all the love I knew then. Now I just want you and not your life."

"Archie, I'm yours anyway, and never anybody's—but yours . . . you won't believe, you won't understand . . ."

"I don't even care!" he whispered, and kissed me. "You're mine by all the rules of the game and that's all that counts. Say you love me again."

"I love you, Archie."

He took hold of my hand and then glanced down sharply. He thumbed the large princess set diamond and the gold band behind it, and stepped away.

"Take those off," he said.

I pulled at them obediently. I hated them and couldn't free my finger of them quickly enough. His hand was held out and automatically I dropped the rings in his open palm. Calmly he walked over to the porthole and tossed them out.

"That for Mrs. Roth," he said, "and less for Mrs. O'Riley,"—he dusted his hands together—"who was a name."

His hands were on my shoulders. His breath, warm and quick on my face. . . . The blue eyes belonged to a hell-bent Irishman, there was no trace in them of a boy named Archie.

"Mrs. Judas," he said.

"No—please—"

He reached up and snapped off the lights.

When our baby was born I could hear, all through the suffocation of ether and unnatural blackness, the steady muffled throbbing of the ship's engines.

IT wouldn't have been human not to have waited, hour by hour, for word from Archie. I wondered, with a bitter brew of thoughts, if he'd come again to my room. Twice in the three days before we landed I saw him.

Walking arm in arm with Lester on deck, I saw Archie several layers of ship below me. Both times he saw me too, I knew. Once when we stood with a group of Lester's more rowdy friends training binoculars on a passing vessel, Archie watched, never taking his eyes from me. I managed a vague gesture. He didn't respond—not by a change of expression.

No use writing him a note. I wrote dozens and tore them up. No use being bitter. No use weeping and longing. No use ever trying to meet or explain or try to understand. It was just all over and done. We had each ruined whatever value we had for each other.

So even when we landed I didn't try to see him. And he sent me no word. God knows where he went or how or why—and I was very busy telling myself it didn't matter.

Doing London with Lester was a tiresome full-time job. A total bore at the start, it became a minor nightmare when we met up with a title. The title was something in the oil world; it was bald, it stuttered, and was as deaf as an old hat. It surrounded itself with elderly men that shot things, in a huge leftover castle up in Scotland that was as jolly as a deserted monastery. I got to hate the sight and sound of old men with toupees, white mustaches, and "Gentlemen, to the King."

BUT I learned to ride. Every day for over a month I clamped my sore self on a horse, and elbows in, heels back, knees tight as "The Stables" tried to tell me. While I didn't know it, I was adding regularly to my stock of tricks. Some day it would come in handy to feel at home in an English saddle, to speak with familiarity the distinguished names of those who at the time bored me frantic.

We sported around titles, who all talked as if their mouths were full of loose teeth, for about six weeks. And I began to feel good and sick. Which was excuse enough to ditch society and head with Lester alone for Paris.

It was one thing to realize that I was going to have a baby. It was quite another thing to break the news to Lester. Early in London he had fixed himself a nice setup of specialist-and-routine as treatment for heart trouble. To this day Lester's heart is as sound as the corner cop's, but it was a genteel subterfuge. Yet in his plump high-voiced gentle way Lester loved me. In return I was truly fond of him, with pity that was deeper than affection, and nobody needed to remind me of my indebtedness to him.

I was frightened. I didn't know how this news might affect him, and every day I put off telling him, wondering if I dared to just up and leave him, or what kind of stunt I could pull. Anything I thought of would hurt him just as badly as the truth, and sooner or later he'd know anyway. I wanted my baby. No matter what he did, I loved Archie. And I felt that the whole thing had been fated and this life was meant to be.

Lester would tosh-tosh all my wheedlings to return to New York. Everybody can laugh uproariously, but there are times when you want to go home to mama and nothing else fills the bill. But Lester would have none of it. There was a famous politician who was due to arrive in Paris and Lester wanted to give him the city.

So I went through that—three weeks of hot sport when I was in no mood to have a good time.

Since the politician meant a lot in Lester's life I tried hard to make

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

the visit gay, but when Lester's guest began chasing me into corners and searching for buttons with fiddling fingers, my faithful old temper began to sizzle and controlling it was no indoor sport.

One night after such a party I found myself giving Lester a good imitation of a madwoman, talking through a wild fit of weeping, pounding tables, beating the walls, pacing up and down our hotel room, and expressing, much against my horrified will, all the things I had been thinking.

He said little—I gave him no chance to. I have no memory of what I said or how I said it, but I came to with a start when I felt his hands on my shoulders hold me rigid and up on my toes.

"Was that the reason you married me?"

His faded blue eyes bulged; there was a murderous look in his swollen face.

"No," I burbled. "I wouldn't be that rotten. I'd have told you."

"Then it was after—after we were married. In the last two months—*I don't believe it . . .*"

I heard myself cry with pain, and as I twisted out of his hold, I landed on the floor. I couldn't seem to catch my breath.

"Stop that noise—stop it!"

I don't know what there was in that cracked voice—but I stopped my noise.

"Get up! I said, get up!" The stump of his shoe urged me, with vigorous pumpings into my thigh. Booting me! That fixed me fine. My temper gave me plenty of strength to get to my feet.

"There's no use calling names," he cut in on my descriptions of low life. "I could call a few myself. All I want to know is who it is. That much is my due. Who was it?"

"I'll never tell you. You couldn't make me."

"I'll find out if it's the last thing I do on earth."

"You'll never find out."

"Is it somebody I know?"

"No. You never met him."

"Somebody you picked up, huh?"

"Yes. Somebody I picked up."

"On the boat?"

I shook my head.

"In Scotland?"

I nodded.

"I don't believe it. Who is it, Violet? Don't I even earn that from you?"

"No."

He sat down on the arm of a chair, stooped, breathing hard.

"Do you love him?"

"No, Lester. He means nothing to me. I just—I don't know—one night . . ."

His fat fingers fussed with each other. I could see his neck swell.

"I might have known I couldn't hold a wife."

"Lester, don't say that. I really love you. I wish it hadn't happened this way. I hated to hurt you—and I'll do anything to make it up to you. Anything you say. Because I do love you."

"Would he take care of you?"

"No. He—he wouldn't."

He slid backward into the seat of the chair, his feet grotesquely hanging over the arm.

"I'm not going to leave this room, Violet, and neither are you until I know who it is. You can't do that to me. I don't deserve it. I swear I don't deserve it—any of it . . . not any of it . . ."

"Lester, you may as well understand, I'll never tell you who it was. Never. There's no way you could make me."

He laid his head against the chair, and one baggy cheek humped like mumps. He was going to cry. He was going to pieces . . .

Now he no longer frightened me. I went over and poured some brandy from a decanter on the mantel.

"Here," I said. "Drink this."

HE took it, with a prolonged intake of breath that was like a sob. He spilled some on the gleaming yellow satin of the exquisite French chair. But he was always spilling things on lovely upholstery and either paying for it or sending hostesses extravagant retribution gifts. . . .

He swallowed the brandy and righted himself in the chair. Pulled off his collar and tossed it on the floor.

His blue eyes looked beyond me, thinking—trying to figure. I said nothing.

Presently Lester put down his glass. Weight against both hands and edging forward, he got up with a fat man's heave. He put out his hand as if to touch me and drew it back. Both hands on his hips, he regarded me, swaying slightly, and making an almighty effort to keep his voice steady.

"I thought you was just a little thing," he said. "A crazy little thing. But sweet—and hard-working—and dear. . . . Your mother is nice . . . a fine woman . . ."

He broke and cleared his throat.

"I was hooked good, wasn't I? I thought you was too young to be a broken-in tart—I thought you was just a youngster trying to be grown-up . . . I thought I'd take you out of all that. What a fool I was . . ."

"Lester, please—"

"Stay right where you are! I don't want any part of you."

"All right. I don't blame you."

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Bathing suits apparently are all set to make real mermaids out of the girls this summer. Deauville is still gasping over a one-piece seaweed-green net covered with mother-of-pearl sequins, which made the wearer, Princess de Rohan, look like a modern edition of the Lorelei.

DORAMILLER.

"You just said you'd do anything to make things easier. You just said that, didn't you?"

"I will, Lester. Whatever you want."

"I don't know what I want. What can I want?"

He shrugged, and, shuffling from chair to table, picked up, with infinite care, his collar, tie, coat, vest, hat, and cape. There was something so humbled, so unbearably cringing in his every attitude that I found myself crying for him.

At the door he turned.

"I'll try to think it out," he said as if he were saying he'd try to rise from the dead. "It may take a little time. That's easy to understand, ain't it?"

I nodded, too busy with my crying to answer.

"But you won't do anything until I've made up my mind, will you? That's a promise, ain't it?"

"Yes, Lester. And I meant it when I said I'll do anything you say. Anything!"

"Maybe I don't blame you much. I mean, maybe I shouldn't. I'm not much for a kid like you, but I thought other things would make up. And it meant—it meant a lot to me. I can't imagine facing people, with a marriage broken up in a few months. I just can't imagine it."

He hooked his coat on one finger over his shoulder.

"Lester—I'll go on being married to you."

One hand wiped itself over his face as if loosening cobwebs.

"I suppose lots of men have the same problems to upset them. But you see, little—Violet—I never knew a girl I even liked before. I went around with them for show. Just to be a big fellow, you see? But you was like my own child to me . . ."

He turned, frowning, mouth open, stiffened.

"Violet, you said you'd stay married to me?"

"Yes."

"Then—this would be my child. We would come back from a honeymoon—and I would be—I would be a father, wouldn't I?" He laughed awkwardly.

His coat dropped from a limp finger. He edged closer and peered at me as if he were nearsighted.

"WOULD you do that for me, Violet? You said you were real fond of me. Would you go on—and it would be my child . . ."

I hated myself for stepping back from him. But it was revolting that he could actually consider such an arrangement.

"You've got to do it!" His voice was thin as a string and sharp as glass. "You said it. You said you'd do anything I asked. What else can you do? You have no choice. Besides, you owe it to me. Where would you be without Lester? You were on the verge of suicide when I met you, and I saved you from yourself. I saved your sister's life. Oh, yes, without my doctors she would have lost more than a leg, let me tell you. I took that mealymouthed brother of yours and gave him a chance to make a man of himself in a military school, didn't I? Yes, and you married me because you lost your job and didn't know what to do, didn't you? So you married me, didn't you? And you got yourself in a fix and is anybody going to take care of you but Lester? And who's going to pay for your baby? Who's going to see you through? I can stop payments to your mother—I can leave you high and dry, can't I? But I wouldn't do it, little thing. I wouldn't be mean. I know nature is human nature, even when it's rotten to the bone. I've been rotten myself, and maybe I don't know. You wouldn't make Lester a laughingstock, would you, little thing? You wouldn't make our marriage the joke of—"

"NO—stop it—no, I wouldn't! I wouldn't hurt you any more than I can help. Yes, I'll stay with you. Yes, it will be your child. I know how much I owe to you—I'll do anything you say . . . but leave me *alone!*"

I rushed past him, and into my own room. I knew I was locking my door against him and didn't know why. I knew I crumpled in a chair and cried uncontrollably and still couldn't understand why—except that Lester's plea, half defiant, wholly abject, sickened me.

Archie, who admitted passion but denied love and walked off to grouse dramatically, disillusioned me. . . . Certainly Lester's decision settled all my material or financial worries, but just as certainly there must be more satisfaction in life than that? Where was glorious manhood and the myth we had been taught it stood for?

Granted that Archie was young and Irish; granted that Lester labored against peculiar odds, could you keep from being thoroughly disgusted with human beings as you met up with them? Not but what each had plenty of reason to be as disappointed in me. . . .

A spasm of sickness shook me, and in my bathroom, leaning weakly against the sink, I tried to talk to myself. I couldn't find anything better to say to steel my backbone than:

"You're better off than any of them—what else does it matter? Play your game."

Just the same, when I felt my way back to the bedroom, I locked the door on the other side—leading to Lester's room.

I needn't have bothered.

When I woke at three in the afternoon, Lester was gone.

Behind Lester's surprising compromise with Violet over the baby are well laid treacherous plans to avenge his injured pride. Little did she know then of the many tragic episodes in store for her. In next week's installment we find her desperately making a dogged fight against the long odds and numerous traps set against her.

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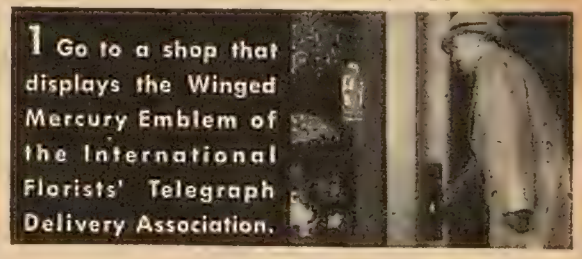

★

2 Give instructions, address and greeting to go with your flowers; pay the small cost.

3 *That's all you need to do.* Association teamwork begins at this point.

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THE INSIDE OF *The Number Racket*

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

EVERY fifth grown-up man and woman in this country today is a money gambler.

Those money gamblers are contributing *more than two billion dollars each year* to the gambling overlords of America, who today have assumed proportions that make Al Capone and others of his ilk during the bathtub-gin era look like pikers.

Those men were called "beer barons"; but these gambling "barons" spurn any taint of royalty. They've gone militaristic and businesslike and simply call themselves Boards of Strategy.

Every major city in the country—New York City, St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans, Miami, Los Angeles—has its Board of Strategy, with the "directors" holding every gambling interest in an iron grip. They are the most shrewdly organized money-mulcting combines ever known in this country.

These boys claim they have hearts. Sure they do! Aren't they giving every one a chance to make two dollars grow where one grew before?

But it's not only dollars. It's pennies they take, too. This play for the pennies is being made through the numbers racket. The numbers game is also known as the policy-slip play. But whatever you call it, the game of numbers today is actually bringing the racketeers—beg pardon, the Boards of Strategy—about $1,000 every hour in every large city in the land.

That $1,000 an hour is conservative, for it is indubitable fact that in New York City alone the take in the numbers game is $2,000,000 every week. The take in other towns is in proportion, varying with the population.

What is the numbers game?

You pick any three numbers you fancy, either through a hunch or because they make up the number of your work badge, house, laundry mark, or what have you. Suppose you feel 387 is your lucky number on a certain day. You drop in and see a man about that number. He may be your grocer, bootblack, cigar-stand owner, elevator operator, or just some one you know as Tony or Mike or Abe or Bill. Anyway, he's a variety of bookmaker who will take your bet on that number. And no bet is too small. You can lay a penny, a dime, a dollar, or a thousand. The bookmaker, or "collector," as he is technically known in the business, gets 10 per cent of whatever you bet.

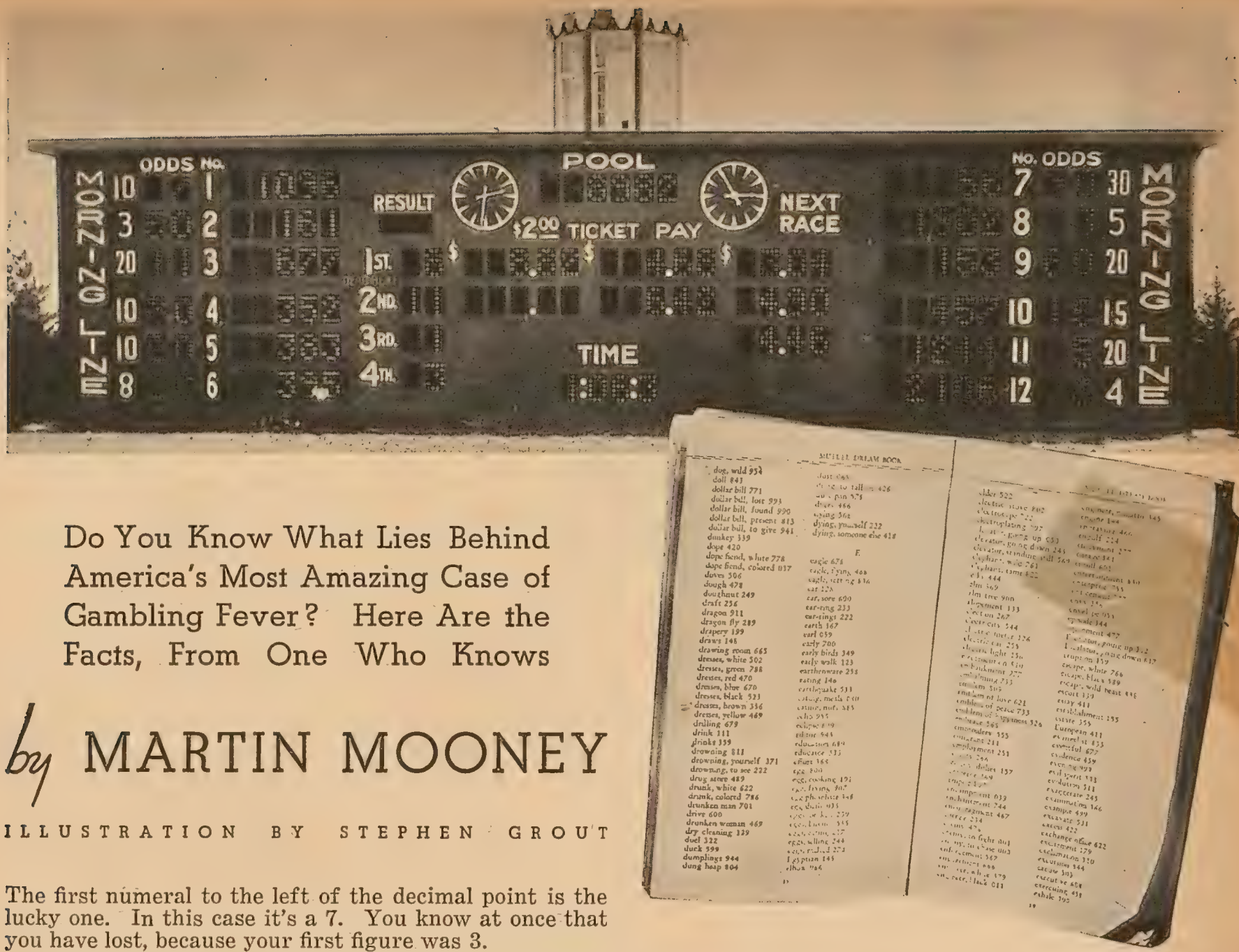
"We've decided that you're going to sell numbers. See? You got that? I'll be back tomorrow. Think it over."

Remember, you have picked 387. He writes it on a slip of paper and puts your name or initials on the slip. It's called a policy slip to give the game class.

Now, that number 387 which you have chosen can win for you 600 times the amount you have bet. If you bet $1, the number can win $600 within a space that never exceeds twenty-four hours.

Sounds pretty good so far? You bet it does! Odds of 600 to 1 sound not only good but elegant. All right; this is what has to happen for you to win.

The lucky number each day is decided by totals of certain figures bet at certain race tracks throughout the country. When you play numbers with a certain combine who make the pay-off, you are told on what track the winning numbers are chosen. Let us say it is Tropical Park. Remember, you are betting $1 today on 387. The first numeral of the day's winning number, you learn, is secured by totaling the money paid by the winners in the first three races at the track. Suppose it totals $97.80.



Do You Know What Lies Behind America's Most Amazing Case of Gambling Fever? Here Are the Facts, From One Who Knows

by MARTIN MOONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN GROUT

The first numeral to the left of the decimal point is the lucky one. In this case it's a 7. You know at once that you have lost, because your first figure was 3.

But now suppose, instead, that the total for the same three races is $93.80. You still have a chance, and you wait with bated breath for the first five races to be run. And this time you are lucky, for the total for the five races is $138.40. The second numeral for the day's winning number is 8. So you already have your 3 and your 8. Now you have to wait for the seventh race to learn whether you are in the money. The totals for the seven races show $201.65 paid by the winners, and since the numeral before the decimal is a 1, you have lost; because your number was 387.

Still, sounds pretty good for a game of chance, doesn't it? On the level, too, eh? So you think.

LET'S go into the thing mathematically, the way the Boards of Strategy did when they picked numbers as a billion-dollar sure-thing proposition.

Mathematically, you had one chance in ten of hitting the first digit in 387. You hit it. You had one chance in ten of hitting the second digit. You did. Then you had one chance in ten of hitting the third. And you didn't.

So the odds are ten times ten times ten to one, or 1,000 to 1 against you the moment you lay your money down and get a slip in return. Remember, now—against you are the odds of 1,000 to 1, while you are paid off, if you win, at 600 to 1.

And think what odds are on the side of the Board of Strategy that you won't come anywhere near picking the number!

There has been many a day when even in New York City not a single numbers slip has been sold bearing the winning number. Every bit of money, the pennies and dimes and quarters and dollars, was pure profit for the Board of Strategy.

You can now see (or can you?) that dice or stud poker are, in comparison with numbers, gilt-edged conservative government-bond games.

Tropical Park has been mentioned for a reason. The

A book telling suckers how to translate any dream into a number. Above: A "totalizer" flashing prices, sometimes including lucky numbers, at Arlington race track.

reason was this: A few years ago the Boards of Strategy in many a town lost many thousands of dollars through the manipulations of a group of swindlers. This will demonstrate, it is hoped, that even choosing the "lucky" number through such a seemingly straight method can be rigged and made crooked.

The swindlers worked with a group of employees in the track auditing department. Working quickly with huge sums, they were able to know in advance what the number to the left of the decimal point was going to be for the first three, first five, and first seven races. And they bet that number at 600-to-1 odds. In ten days they cleaned up untold millions.

And then came the tip-off. One man was killed somewhere along the route of revenge, and a billion-dollar racket busted.

Board of Strategy is no idle phrase. Wherever such a board exists, it is a powerful combine including among its "directors" business executives, politicians, police, and "strong-arm" gangsters. Between them they control every type of gambling racket. In the numbers racket they are now muscling in on legitimate law-abiding business men—usually small shopkeepers. To understand that angle it is necessary to understand their definite organization scheme.

There is the player, of course. He goes to the "collector" to place his bet. The collector hands over his receipts to a "controller," a sort of district man. This controller is usually a mobster and usually carries a shoulder holster. He travels in a smooth-running car, and in New York City one was picked up with a little over $7,000 stuffed into a side pocket of his car, collected

between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon.

The controller works under a " banker," who is a real executive in the business. Now we come closer to the Board of Strategy. The banker is usually the lieutenant of the " big shot," who is actually a director of the Board of Strategy. There may be two or three big shots in a town of 500,000 population. Then there's the " big boy " who controls these powerful lieutenants. He's usually the head of the Board of Strategy. To him the big shots of every form of gambling must answer. When a new racket is seen to be developing, the Board of Strategy goes into a huddle. If it looks profitable, arrangements are made to include it as one of the board's enterprises. If it looks like small-time stuff, orders are given to wipe it out.

When the numbers racket started to flourish in a big way some four years ago, it was immediately made an enterprise. And then started the business of muscling in on the small businessman. The Board of Strategy has scouts continually looking for good locations to plant a numbers collector. Groceries, cigar stores, barbershops, haberdashery stores, beauty parlors make good collection spots. So the Board of Strategy sends out a smooth emissary to have a talk with the proprietor of a likely barbershop.

" You seem to have a nice little business here."

" Not bad—can't complain," the proprietor answers.

" Yes, a nice little business. But how would you like to make a little more money? "

" Fine. How? "

" Work for us, pushing numbers to your customers. You'll get 10 per cent of everything you take in."

" Oh, no. Don't care for gambling, thanks."

" You want to go on being in business? "

" You bet. But listen—why say that? "

" Because we've decided that you're going to sell numbers. See? You got that? I'll be back tomorrow. Think it over."

" I'll tell the police! "

" That's O. K. with us, brother. You go ahead and call the police—but you better arrange for a comfy little ambulance at the same time. Well, as I was sayin', you think it over. See you tomorrow."

So the next day the proprietor is talking about numbers to his customers. If he didn't, then it would be just too bad for him; he would find himself with a couple of smashed ribs, a wrecked shop, and maybe worse.

And he sells numbers, all right. And gets 10 per cent commission. And pretty soon he can get himself a new car, a little summer place, and a few other nice things.

WHAT happens in case the patrons of the barbershop don't cotton to playing the numbers? Well, the Board of Strategy is usually stubborn in that event. They go in for a little sales promotion, on the lines of a scheme recently explained to this writer in a Middle-Western railroad division town. The Board of Strategy had muscled in on a railroad men's lunchroom which was doing a thriving legitimate business. But the railroad men weren't going for the numbers as freely as they might. So the controller talked the proprietor of the lunchroom, who was a collector, into going into a conference with his good friend Jess Smith. Smith was agreeable, and one day he was eating in the lunchroom, swapping stories with the boys ranged all around the counter. There were over twenty in the place. Some one came in and asked if Jess Smith was around. It wasn't a quiet voice but a big booming one, and every one looked up.

" I'm Jess Smith. What about it? " Smith spoke up.

" You Jess Smith? Did you play 456 yesterday? "

" Sure; I played some number. Just put a dollar on it. Say, did you say 456? That's what I picked! "

Smith was being a good actor in his come-on role.

" You bet that's the number, brother! And you win exactly $600 for that dollar you put on it."

MARTIN MOONEY

is the New York newspaperman sentenced to thirty days for contempt in withholding from a grand jury his sources of information about the numbers racket. On appeal, the sentence was affirmed. Further legal action in his behalf is pending as Liberty goes to press. He is a specialist in crime reporting and is a dramatist.

Smith acted dazed, then jubilant, and the money was counted into his hands. The booming voice explained, for all to hear, that he would get only $540, for 10 per cent went to the owner of the lunchroom, who was standing by pretending to be elated.

No use asking how the numbers business went in that lunchroom after that. Smith, of course, turned back the money later, and got $50. Around a railroad yard the numbers business is usually lush, since there are all sorts of lucky numbers popping up on railroad trains.

Probably the weirdest way of picking a number is today being promoted as a neat little side line of the numbers racket. It is the dream book of numbers. There are men who make a comfortable sum every month by selling these at fifty cents a copy. The book tells you how to convert a dream into a lucky number. In one such publication—and there are many throughout the main cities—there is found the following: DOG—friendly—720. Unfriendly—724. HAPPINESS—participant—829. Spectator—827. BAD NEWS—orally—625. By letter—478. ENEMY—man—545. Woman—323.

IF you think this is pretty farfetched, then you probably haven't heard about the Black Velvet Numbers System which was promoted by a couple of slick boys. They claimed to have contacted a noted mathematician who figured out the laws of probability, chance, permutations, etc., etc. They used big words. All they had to sell, they said loftily, was a list of fourteen numbers. But these numbers were the genuine article. To show how much they thought of that system, they asked $1,000 from each purchaser. So smooth were they that they got to the point where groups of numbers players were forming club memberships to buy the numbers. Twenty would chip in $50 each. Then each one would get a copy of the system. Obviously, a man who had paid $50 wouldn't go around spreading his system. Or he would sell his information for $5 or $10 to a friend.

What were the magical numbers in the Black Velvet System? They were just fourteen numbers picked out at random. But the salesmen got away with it. As to what the Board of Strategy had to say when it discovered this side line to the numbers racket—all the Board had to say was:

" Keep up the good work, boys. We're with you because it makes more business for our collectors."

The numbers game is played by those who have little money to spend. What does the Board of Strategy care? They even instituted a free premium system in one town to get the folks to spend more liberally. With every twenty-five cents bet on numbers the collector gave away a coupon. Ten dollars' worth of the coupons was good on merchandise totaling maybe fifty cents in the store where the numbers bets were placed. One grocer selling numbers as a side line pointed out to this writer that there was many a family who used those coupons to get bread and milk for hungry kids.

When relief vouchers and checks started pouring into poor districts the Boards of Strategy weren't slow to see another way of increasing their " take." Collectors were given orders to cash these checks and vouchers freely—as long as the person on relief holding the check placed a bet on the numbers. It is a matter of official record that a relief check for $17.50 was found in the cash box of a Brooklyn numbers-game controller. A high city official, told of the incident, shrugged it off. " That check wasn't spent on gambling," he said smoothly. " It was undoubtedly cashed by some storekeeper who in turn passed it over to a numbers racketeer."

The Boards laughed gaily—up their sleeves.

Where the numbers game actually originated has never been discovered. It gained its big popularity among the Negroes of Manhattan's Harlem district more than a decade ago. The game was simpler then. The winning numbers were taken from a source that every one knew couldn't be fixed. The bank-clearance totals were used.

That's why some years ago lots of newspapers carried the bank-clearance-house figures in a prominent corner of one of their news pages. As the game grew, people who were fighting the racket complained. So then the totals were printed only in round sums, leaving mostly zeros. Thereupon the lucky numbers were picked from Treasury Department balances reported daily. When publication of both bank and treasury totals was discontinued, the numbers operators went to the horse races; and there they have remained.

Up until about four years ago there were a few wealthy Negro numbers bankers who were making as high as $25,000 a day. The gangsters got hold of the idea. The white boys took it over and have held control of the game throughout the country ever since.

The Boards of Strategy everywhere figure that numbers is the safest racket ever devised. The federal government can't touch the big shots for being numbers operators. All that can happen is a squawk by local authorities. And usually that squawk is very mild indeed. And even if there are complaints, nothing ever happens. A few small-fry boys are thrown to the police as a sacrifice. This appeases the reforming element, the police can show records of plenty arrests for violation of the anti-numbers laws, and that's that.

The " directors " of the Boards of Strategy today give their henchmen standing orders that there must be no rough stuff. When there are no murders, no kidnapings, no mass shootings, no mail robberies, then the federal agents are content to let local authorities handle things.

And there's one thing that each and every Board of Strategy in the land fears—the firm, fiery, and fist-clenched arm of federal law-enforcement agents.

Since two billions are being handled by the big shots of the Boards, how about income-tax evasion?

Because of that bugaboo, and only because of it, do the Boards of Strategy manage to keep moving along as powerful closed corporations. Their object is to beat the federal government out of the income tax and thus keep the sums pouring into the gang coffers secret. A Board consists of representatives of every type of racketeering. In executive session it looks like a gathering of very well fed, very sleek, and very powerful gentlemen.

In New York City the Board meets smack in the center of the town, on the top floor of a Times Square office building. They handle millions as you would handle a buffalo nickel. They are free with their money when they can see even a small profit, because the paramount idea is to keep as much money as possible belonging to the Board continuously moving in and out of some racket. With the money being juggled among rackets almost constantly, there is little danger that a sudden check on incomes by federal men would reveal tremendous sums. For example, in New York City the Board of Strategy has money in race tracks, diamond smuggling, houses of ill fame, bagatelle machines, night clubs, loans to loan sharks, and financing of well known big-time gamblers, as well as in the main thing—numbers.

How to stamp out this orgy of money gambling on the part of the people of the United States is no small problem that can be solved by simple arrangements. In New York City the Grand Jury which arrived nowhere in tracing the big shots in the numbers racket turned to a state lottery as a possible solution. That would give the people something to bet their money on, give the state a certain sum for relief projects, and put a crimp in the income of the racketeers.

It's human nature for men and women to gamble, and so the millions pour into the capacious pockets of the racketeers. That money comes from you and you. How about it? Still think you can beat the numbers game? It's your privilege to argue with mathematics, but figures, cold hard figures, are hard to beat. If you want to argue, the numbers boys will be the last to say stop. You see, they've got YOUR number.

Still more amazing disclosures concerning the super-racketeering setup that controls the numbers and every other gambling racket in America will be made by Mr. Mooney in Liberty next week.

She Couldn't Help Hearing—
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
SOMEONE REALLY OUGHT TO TELL HER!
MY DENTIST TELLS ME BAD BREATH VERY OFTEN COMES FROM TEETH THAT ARE IMPROPERLY CLEANED
SO SHE PHONED HER DENTIST..
BUT DR. LAKE, IF FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH AS YOU SAY—HOW CAN I REMOVE THEM?
TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS ALL MOUTH CREVICES
AT BRIDGE A MONTH LATER..
HOW BRIGHT YOUR TEETH HAVE GROWN, JANE! WHAT'S THE SECRET?
SIMPLY COLGATE'S, ANN!
IT HAS ENDED MY BAD BREATH, TOO!

AVOIDING bad breath is very simple—if you just remember this: Dentists say that most bad breath comes from *"half-clean"* teeth! From decaying food deposits which ordinary cleaning methods fail to remove from the hidden crevices between the teeth!

Colgate's Dental Cream cleans teeth *thoroughly!* Its special penetrating foam works into every crevice. Thoroughly emulsifies and *washes away* all odor-breeding deposits between the teeth. At the same time—a soft, grit-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste. If not satisfied with results after using one tube, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

PREFER POWDER?

Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.

Times Have Changed in TENNIS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TAKE as much as you can and give as little as possible in return." Today that seems to be the motto of the younger generation of tennis players. And for the player of championship caliber there is plenty to take. Trips to Europe, even around the world; week ends in charming houses, parties of all sorts—how else could this favored group of people receive advantages that few millionaires enjoy? In return there is plenty of hard work—I am not one to minimize the never-ending practice that is necessary to keep a champion in form—but it seems to me there should be appreciation and politeness as well.

A few months ago I was lunching in New York with the wife of a prominent lawn tennis official. She had entertained the girls of the English tennis team royally and repeatedly when they were over here competing in the American tournaments. I was there and I know how delightful her parties were. Consequently it is easy to understand her surprise when she saw these same girls at Wimbledon and they scarcely seemed to recognize her.

" I saw all the girls who were over here last year," she said, " and, Elizabeth, I was amazed to receive only perfunctory nods. Finally I asked one of them if she remembered me. ' Yes. Of course I do,' she replied, and turned away. You must admit that is carrying English reserve a bit far! "

Perhaps one should not be too hard on the younger school of tennis players, however. They are spoiled, and having been given so much they accept what they get as their just due. After all, times have changed, and I suppose one should not compare the attitude of today's idolized public-conscious stars with that of the shrinking prewar damsels who refrained from entering the championship matches at Wimbledon for fear they would not give the ranking players a good game.

I look back with amusement upon my own humble tennis beginnings. Having won my first championship in the year the World War began and my most recent one last summer, I span a full two decades of tennis memories. Few things were further from my mind than tennis, that long-ago summer of 1912 when my sister and I went to Devonshire on a visit. We had played in California and had even won a few minor championships, in spite of the redoubtable May Sutton; but it was not until we had more than once eaten ourselves sick with the famous Devonshire cream that it became apparent that some form of regular exercise was an immediate necessity.

There are plenty of tennis courts in that lovely English countryside, and we set about finding the nearest one. When we asked the local bank manager about the best place to buy rackets, he recommended the Army and Navy Stores, the British equivalent of a large American department store. What a contrast to these days of elaborate sporting-goods shops and specially-made-to-order rackets! After our first few days on English grass I wrote in my diary, " The men thought us quite good, but the women took little notice." That put my back up, and from then on practice was the order of the day.

Apparently I was not one of the modest damsels because, after a few tournaments, I decided to enter for Wimbledon. Only years later did I understand the raised eyebrows of other players who did not think, evidently, that I was good enough. Whatever they thought, I was only beaten in the quarter-final by the six-times winner, Mrs. Hilliard, *and* I had three match points in the second set!

If you would see that Wimbledon of 1912, picture to yourself a scene resembling a pleasant vicarage garden party. You will hardly believe it, but the champion arrived to defend her title on her own bicycle after having propelled it some five miles over dusty roads.

Hers was surely the honor and the glory. She never had any of the present-day advantages. It is more likely that, after paying for her rackets, balls, entrance fees, teas—a very important item to an Englishwoman—lunches, laundry, special clothes, and so forth, the tournament cost her the best part of twenty-five dollars, without allowing anything for living expenses.

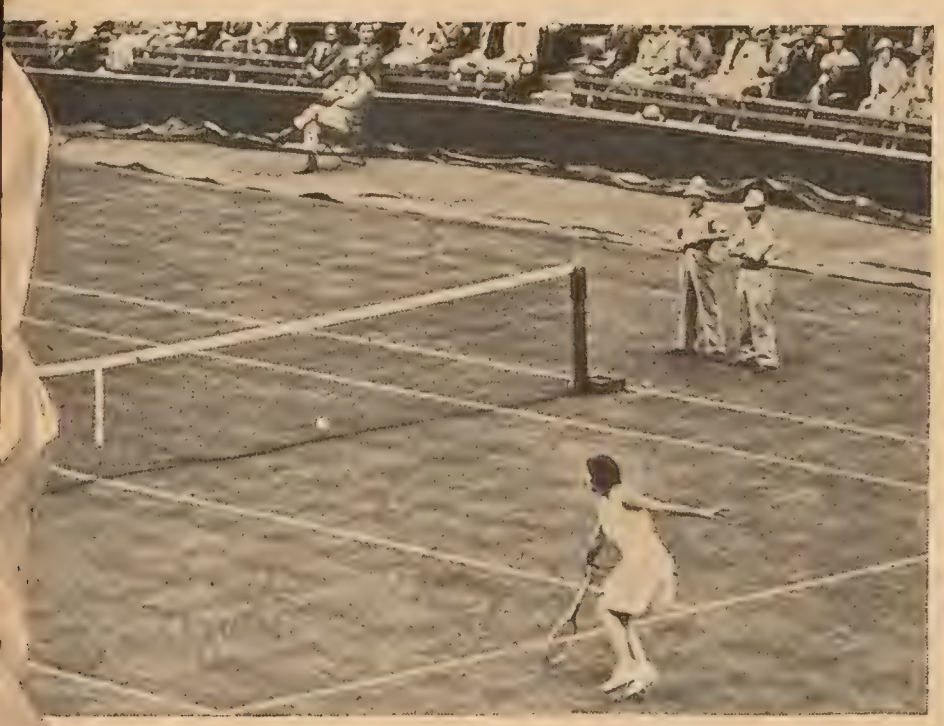
How different the Wimbledon of 1935! Twenty thousand spectators cheering the winner and paying what would have seemed like fantastic prices for their seats. The stars with fleets of cars at their disposal, a beflagged entrance all to themselves, free meals, masseurs constantly in attendance, seats provided for their friends, banquets, dinner parties, sight-seeing trips, theaters, horse shows—in fact, an endless round of pleasure.

I well remember 1924, the first year of the new Wimbledon. Every one was excited at the size and grandeur of the new building and the grounds, which were palatial in comparison with the old village-green affair on Worple Road. The dressing rooms alone were not impressive. We were disappointed to find that it was still necessary to share cubicles. This arrangement was the cause of a

Once It Was a GAME . . . .

Now, Says an Outspoken Perennial Champion, It's More Like a Spotlight for Chiselers!

by ELIZABETH RYAN



veritable tempest in a teapot.

When I arrived at Wimbledon for practice just before the championships that year, the dressing room attendant told me that, as none of the cubicles had as yet been taken, I was to put my things in any one I chose and keep it throughout the fortnight. In order to be as peaceful as possible I selected the one farthest from the door.

Imagine my surprise the next day when I received a message from the secretary asking me to share my tiny corner with Mademoiselle Lenglen. I sent back word immediately that as she and I were playing together in the doubles and would therefore always be changing at the same time, I thought it inadvisable. (Visions of fat Madame Lenglen, who always dressed her daughter, also flashed through my mind.) This, however, had no effect, and subsequently I received still more urgent messages to share with Suzanne.

By this time I was a bit annoyed. I felt that, after all, as I was one of the few women members of the All English Tennis Club, which *was* Wimbledon, I should be allowed a certain preference over visitors. Thinking I would settle the matter once and for all, I locked up the cubicle and went home with the key.

Little did I realize what pandemonium would ensue! Returning late the next day, I found messengers running in every direction and call boys screaming my name. I was rushed at by harassed officials who said, "Thank heaven, you have come at last. Mademoiselle Lenglen has threatened to default in all events and return to France if she cannot have your particular cubicle."

I was quite amazed. Eventually I discovered that Suzanne thought she could see better there to put on her make-up and bandeau. Ever since then, THE LADY CHAMPION has been painted on that door in gold letters to avoid dispute.

This was the first occasion when any player at Wimbledon received preferential treatment because of her box-office attraction.

It was this same Mademoiselle Lenglen whose appearance on the scene seems to have set the ball of transition rolling. At first, of course, she was treated like anybody else. Even she traveled to Wimbledon in subways and busses, carrying her own suitcase; but her extraordinary popularity soon proved that tennis could be a money-making proposition from the organizer's point of view. It was inevitable that before long the good players should begin to claim small favors and perquisites.

At that time their wildest dreams only visualized being put up week after week at other people's houses. It was not until some years later that tennis became so popular that spectators would pay fifty dollars for a seat and every country felt it needed a Lenglen of its own. Then the idolizing of stars began with a vengeance.

IN 1923 potential Suzannes were cropping up on all sides, and as a dress-reform feeling was prevalent at the time the couturiers saw an opportunity. No mannequin could have been better than the famous Frenchwoman with her extraordinary grace and poise. The Lenglen bandeau soon became a byword, only to give way to the Helen Wills eyeshade later on. It was not only on the courts, however, that the "lady champion" was dressed by the big Paris houses. Delivery vans flitted to and fro taking their latest wares to, successively, the Lenglen, Alvarez, and Moody homes.

Various players championed different makes of balls and rackets and at one time would only appear at tournaments where their particular brand was used. I remember an instance when my partner was ordered off the court as we were not playing with the balls sponsored by his "host" who had covered his trip to Europe.

The Spanish ace Lili d'Alvarez rapidly stepped into Suzanne's vacated shoes. Not only did the dressmakers vie with each other in designing models for her to wear but famous makes of limousines were given her, as whatever she used or wore was bound to attract attention. She did not even confine her favor-gaining capacity to business houses. Once at a house party where she was staying a sort of money box was passed around for her benefit. This box was a most unusual affair, being a small china statuette in the shape of a nude woman who received the donations through a slot in her back.

Lili always imagined that the world owed her a debt of gratitude because she happened to be a good tennis player. She did not see anything odd in expecting a concrete form of admiration from her friends. This particular collection was toward the furniture and decorations for her new flat. Could she have seen a little into the future she would certainly have demanded a state reception on her return to Spain, and even this would scarcely have equaled Dorothy Round's glorious entry into Dudley, merely for having reached the final at Wimbledon.

The arrival of Helen Wills enlarged the field of women's tennis considerably, and the question of a cash allowance to cover expenses became vital. Different countries decided on different arrangements. America, the furthest away from the center of things, was the first to admit that it was only right that players should be given a daily amount.

European countries followed suit. France for a time was a player's paradise, since anything could be accepted from sneakers up without the risk of losing amateur standing, and it was possible to compete in fifty-two tournaments a year without spending a cent. Italy now

occupies this position and to an even greater degree, since the standard of play is so much lower there. Third and fourth class players can see all the beauties of the fair peninsula just as a part of the regular tennis routine.

I am continually amazed to see how little advantage is taken of these great opportunities for sight-seeing. Frequently I have seen a tennis team arrive at a quaint and picturesque town, chock-full of historical interest, only to settle down to a bridge game.

I have been showing you the bright side of the picture. The worst thing of all is being on a team. A team member's soul is not her own. She may have to share a room with some one she really cannot like, or play doubles for the entire trip with a most uncongenial partner. She must practice when told to, get up and go to bed at stated hours, and frequently she becomes mentally and physically overstrained from playing all day and traveling all night because the association has squeezed in extra dates to make the tour a paying proposition.

Then there is always the question of illness. There are no understudies in the tennis world.

A few years ago I actually found myself in this predicament. I had traveled alone from Paris to Athens to compete in the Greek championships. It was understood that this would not necessitate any expenditure on my part. Soon after my arrival I was seized with a bad attack of influenza which kept me in my bed for nearly two weeks. By the time I lifted my head the tournament was almost forgotten, and there was nothing left for me to do but to pack my bags and return forlornly to France—three hundred and fifty dollars to the bad.

I know several well known stars who live in dread of having to return their expense money and of being stranded penniless in some foreign country. Fortunately for me, I have always been lucky enough to be independent financially. This meant that I could sail the seven seas before the present "inviting" system came into being. I have been grateful for its existence since, because I was hit by the smash along with the rest.

To go back to the associations, at times they do the most extraordinary things. For instance, the French teams, which play on clay courts at home, are never allowed enough time for practice on the unaccustomed English grass. This always seems to me very short-sighted economy, and many surprise defeats are due to it. Another kind of difficulty sometimes arises because of mistakes made by the selection committees. Quite recently Peggy Scriven was not considered good enough to represent England. She went to Paris bravely at her own expense, and there was a grand laugh all around when she beat girls on the official team and won the championship.

I HAVE often got into trouble through playing in big tournaments with foreigners. This does not apply to me only, of course. Last year when Madame Mathieu, the French champion, was my partner at Wimbledon she was given only two weeks' money allowance, and by the time we had reached the semifinals this had given out. As she had been beaten in other events and therefore no longer represented her country officially, it was a case of paying for herself, which she could not afford, or returning home and leaving me high and dry. What a situation! It was only after great pressure had been brought to bear from all sides that her association finally produced the necessary cash and we managed to win.

I have often been asked whether players actually make money out of tennis. During the last few years some of the topnotchers have definitely done so, but I believe that the privileges have been so much abused, by the men particularly, that it cannot go on much longer. In every country the rules are being tightened up and more strictly enforced. And no wonder. I know many players who believe that they have the right to invite all their friends to meals at the club's expense; some of them even store up their soiled linen until they can conveniently have it washed "on the house." One star I know is convinced that daily cables to her mother in Europe and all her drugstore bills are definitely the club's affair!

All this will be altered when the new regulations come into force. Even as I write the associations are planning measures to prevent players from participating in more than eight free tournaments a year, and at these allowances will be drastically cut.

It has been said that international contests should improve the feeling between countries, and I am convinced that in the beginning they most certainly did so. Now that the younger generation of players are so spoiled and blasé one cannot fail to see that most of the time they do more harm than good in this respect. I only hope this new deal for tennis players will change their go-getting attitude, and that tennis will become a game once more, instead of a design for living.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS
ON PAGE 27

1—A country; it is the present name of Mesopotamia.
2—He is Treasurer of the United States.
3—Gander.
4—Perseverence should be perseverance.
5—From the Bible: II Samuel 1. 19.
6—Helen Hayes.
7—He was a character in fiction, the clergyman hero of William Combe's three books describing the tours of Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque, of consolation, and of a wife.
8—Latin.
9—The governorship of North Dakota.
10—Author; under the pseudonym of S. S. Van Dine.
11—In Centennial Park, Nashville, Tennessee.
12—Three weeks.
13—Both a novel and a movie.
14—Neither; there are four *white* stars on a blue field.
15—Sand hog is the slang name given to workers under compressed air, as in the sinking of piers or driving of tunnels by the pneumatic-caisson method.
16—Neither; it is an Italian secret society.
17—In the third person.
18—(a) Bird; (b) squirrel; (c) ground hog; (d) fish.
19—No. 9 Brimmer Street, Boston.
20—In Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 4.

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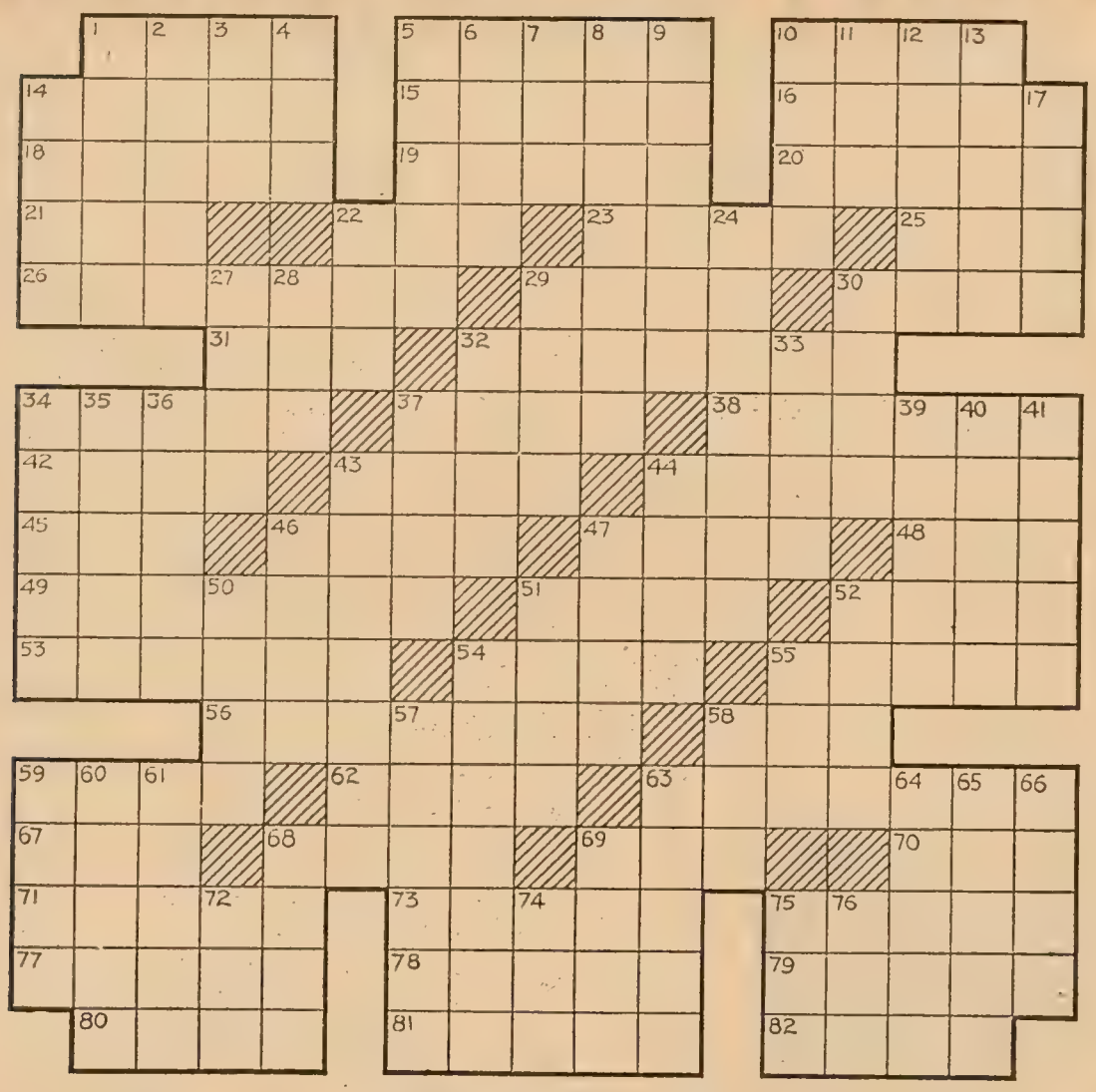
CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A female servant
5 To set an estimation
10 Crippled
14 Century plant
15 Battery terminal
16 Footless animal
18 One of various snakes
19 Warm
20 Jeopardy
21 Corroded
22 Hack
23 Light blows
25 The whole amount
26 To bring under diabolical influence
29 A shed
30 Beverage (plural)
31 Short name for a species of dogs
32 Noncomformist
34 Inferior to
37 Town in Belgium
38 Builds
42 Windmill sail (pl.)
43 Kind
44 Commonplace
45 Condensed moisture
46 A town in England
47 A charge against property
48 Comprehend
49 More extensive
51 Transmit
52 Threefold
53 One of an ancient Jewish brotherhood
54 Part of a chair
55 A billiard shot
56 Rower
58 Wire measure
59 A pair of horses
62 Greek letter (pl.)
63 Witchcraft
67 A tree

BATTLESHIP CHI
IGOR LAWDY IRON
GENERAL IRONIES
AAN BOERS
MONTH BUTS URNS
OBEY BARS TROUT
LEW WORN POETRY
EL CORN LOUD SM
SIMOON DOIT LEI
TSARS SEAL TIRE
SKIS SHAD TREYS
EQUAL SOU
KNOTTED STEAMER
ERAS ROMEO NILE
YAK SWEEPSTAKE

Answer to last week's puzzle

68 A short rural poem
69 Ejaculation
70 A constellation
71 Small drum
73 Beast of burden
75 A small pincers
77 A cubic meter
78 Fisher for lampreys
79 Move sidewise
80 Periods
81 Quaffed
82 Day of an ancient Roman month

VERTICAL

1 A size of type
2 Swindled (slang)
3 A salutation
4 Pronoun
5 Badgerlike animal
6 Afresh
7 A toy
8 Publication officials
9 Staid
10 Licks up
11 Mimic
12 Ethical
13 City official of ancient Rome
14 An Asiatic
17 Measures of length
22 Pronoun
24 Became exhausted
27 Series of events of epical dignity
28 Solemn promise
29 A coin
30 Playing cards
32 Wind instrument
33 A metal
34 Token worn on the person
35 Pitchers
36 Town in Delaware
37 Native of a country in Africa
39 Containers
40 Ranks
41 Place of action
43 Guided
44 Measure of capacity
46 Vessel for heating liquids
47 Spare
50 An eternity
51 Billows
52 A mineral
54 More diminutive
55 Russian community
57 Termed
58 Sound made by a domestic animal
59 Puts in place
60 Shallow dish
61 Clear light yellow
63 Large voracious fish
64 Strike out
65 Staggers
66 In time long past
68 Wrath (plural)
69 Portent
72 An Anglo-Saxon money of account
74 A winglike process
75 Greek letter
76 A cover

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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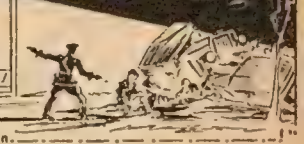
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4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	

★ ★ ★ BECKY SHARP

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Billie Burke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, Alan Mowbray, Colin Tapley, G. P. Huntley, Jr. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. From Thackeray's Vanity Fair.

A CINEMA curiosity that may in time be regarded as a milestone on the movies' path to technical perfection, Becky Sharp is a brightly hued corpse. This all-color film, a slowly paced, obscurely motivated history of Thackeray's high-spirited flirt, is as dead in its telling as it is lively in its raiment.

Undoubtedly an important picture—not quite the same thing as an entertaining one—Becky Sharp definitely proves that there is a need for color on the screen. Frequently breathtaking in its lovely costumes and settings, the film easily surmounts all the many mechanical obstacles; but in the old though essential elements of story interest it is a complete failure.

Miriam Hopkins and Alan Mowbray in the colorful film Becky Sharp, in which the former plays the title role.

The heartless ambitious Becky, as played by Miriam Hopkins, never becomes a courageous little strumpet who defeats social prejudice and poverty to laugh at the world. Rather, she remains a tawdry cheat who misers even those physical gifts she so openly parades. Alan Mowbray does well as Becky's warrior husband, and Cedric Hardwicke manages to give his unsavory part life; while Colin Tapley, Billie Burke, and Nigel Bruce are capable in smaller roles. But all of them have the misfortune of being used by director Mamoulian as bits of animated design in his too consciously artful tableaux.

Becky Sharp suffers just as did the early talkies. So intrigued were the picture makers with speech at that time that the characters did little but talk. Now, with color as the new toy, the players are given little opportunity for anything except blend their gorgeous costumes with the settings.

For all its many faults, there are things in Becky Sharp—the sky tints over battling Waterloo, the flashing cloaks of soldiers, the new prettiness of the girls—that you will not want to miss.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the fourth Becky Sharp to reach the screen, but the first with an all-color cast. . . . Technicolor is the invention of Dr. Herbert Thomas Kalmus & Co., graduates of Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M. I. T.), who set out deliberately in 1914 to knock out a color movie camera. Starting in 1914, by 1922 they had produced their first color film, Toll of the Sea, naming the process and company Technicolor, Inc., after their alma mater, with Mrs. Kalmus, a pretty titian-headed thing, color director and poseur for tests. First technicolor was used in shorts until Doug Fairbanks did Black Pirate, a silent feature-lengther, which, despite its comparative perfection, failed to revolutionize the industry. Early technicolor was blurry in the outlines, and even by 1930 was confined to giddy greens and the oranges. By 1932 Dr. Kalmus stopped using two negatives, one to record yellow and reds and the other blues and green, and had a new process. This consisted of a camera (the professor's going technical, folksies) which split light through a three-sided prism, whereupon it fell into three negatives—red, green, and yellow—and thus were all the rainbow's colors recorded faithfully.

By this time no major producer cared, so it took Walt Disney to skim the cream off the thing by making the Silly Symphony Series. Somewhere in here John Hay (Jock) Whitney, thirty, and his cuzzie Cornelius Vanderbilt (Sonny) Whitney, thirty-five, stepped into the colored picture and bought themselves a million dollars' worth of control into the company, organized Pioneer Pictures with an RKO release, and put out the experimental La Cockaroacha, a short. This little gem was easy on the eyes but hard on the credibility and showed that while color perfection was there story perfection wasn't. Still, its novelty returned $250,000 for the young millionaires, and world interest. The Cockaroacha reception set the stage for a hugie, so old Becky Sharp was dug up out of her clean restless grave and painted up for likelife movements among the lush reds and blues. The result is a film that cost a million, overcame a lot of grief (Lowell Sherman died after shooting a third of the picture, all of which was scrapped, and Miriam Hopkins got pneumonia in the middle of an expensive ballroom scene on a rented studio at Pathé's Culver City), runs ninety minutes, and either gives you a headache or doesn't.

★ ★ ½ HONEYMOON LIMITED

THE PLAYERS: Neil Hamilton, Irene Hervey, Lloyd Hughes, Russell Hicks, Lorin Raker, Joy Filmer, George Hayes, Henry Kolker, June Filmer. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Story by Vida Hurst.

HONEYMOON LIMITED is a sprightly little bit about a travel writer who takes a walk across the country in search of excitement and for material to use in a book which he has bet his publisher will be ready within sixty days. Director Arthur Lubin makes most of the complications in the setup, and not taking itself seriously, the picture comes off as a pleasantly casual item for the double features.

Neil Hamilton gives a bouncing performance as the Richard Halliburton sort of literary gentleman who finds himself in love with a runaway girl, Irene Hervey. Together they take over a deserted cottage, and as the film includes such things as hidden money, bank robbers, kidnaping threats, and a returning landlord, Honeymoon Limited has enough suspense to ward off boredom. Except that the dialogue is occasionally too militantly bright, this well fashioned film stands as a bright example of what Hollywood can sometimes do with a few simple sets and capable players.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture produced for Republic's Trem (Choo-choo) Carr by Mrs. Wallace Reid, the former Dorothy Davenport and wife of great big likable self-indulgent Wallace Reid, dead some years back. There are two younger Reids, Betty and Wallie Jr. Young Junior resembles his famous pop in looks but not screen ambitions. Would rather tinker with an old Lizzie than put one through the scenarist's paces as his playboy dad did. Mrs. Reid is the only woman producer in Hollywood. . . . In the modern manner, Republic Picts just has merged with Mascot and Liberty Pictures, chief competitors in the quickie field. The quickies have their uses. They start unknown players in first featured roles and have been responsible for reviving well known stars on the skids. Chief reason for quickies being just quickies is that they haven't the money to insert big stars in their films. Nor have they money to develop stars by placing them under contract and nursing them to size with advertising, ballyhoo, etc. It has been said it costs $250,000 to make a star these days. . . . Lloyd Hughes has been around a long time, even appearing in the Flying A pictures made at Santa Barbara. Those were the days before Hollywood became a state of mind and not a factory and movies were all over the joint. Once a comfortable pleasant juvenile, Hughes skidded out of public recog and is trying a comeback as a character man. He's still pretty pleasant. . . . Irene Hervey, borrowed from M-G-M, found it was tough sledding to

BUOYANT, BANAL

Becomes a Canvas for New, Gorgeous Sprightly Excitements, and Miss Moore Plot Trouble

by BEVERLY HILLS

crash pictures, so she got herself a campstool and just parked in the casting studios of M-G-M until the casting director got sick of seeing her face and decided to get rid of it by foisting it on the American people. . . . Henry Kolker spent twenty-two years in silent pictures and hates to talk about himself. Was born in Quincy, Illinois, and eddicated by the Franciscan Bros. He looks like Jesse Lasky playing the big executive. All he'll admit for the public is that he likes golf. . . . Curiously there's a shortage of villains these days. So Baltimore's gift to Hollywood, Russell Hicks, a gent who can carry off the heroine under one arm and braddock the hero with the other, finds himself in demand. . . . Nut on piktsch: around $70,000.

★ ★ ½ LOVE ME FOREVER

THE PLAYERS: Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen, Michael Bartlett, Spring Byington, Luis Alberni, Douglas Dumbrille, Thurston Hall. Story and direction by Victor Schertzinger.

AFTER making the surprise sensation of 1934 in One Night of Love, Grace Moore has been completely plowed under in her second Columbia vehicle, Love Me Forever. In beautiful voice and artfully photographed, Miss Moore is entirely frustrated in any attempt to rise above the ineptness of the routine story that continually throws the sympathy to a stock gangster character, Leo Carrillo.

Carrillo runs a cheap night club, but turns his thoughts to opera when, at a private auction, he hears Grace Moore, poverty-stricken daughter of the house, singing. Thereupon he propels the girl into his club, has her sing arias to his patrons (which bores them no end and probably will you too, so poorly have these scenes been managed), and finally builds her an opera house. During this process he loses his shirt while the girl makes the grade, landing herself in the Metropolitan Opera. In the romantic background has been a young society man, Robert Allen, who loves the heroine; but at the end, for no reason except the box office, it turns out that Miss Moore really does love the gangster.

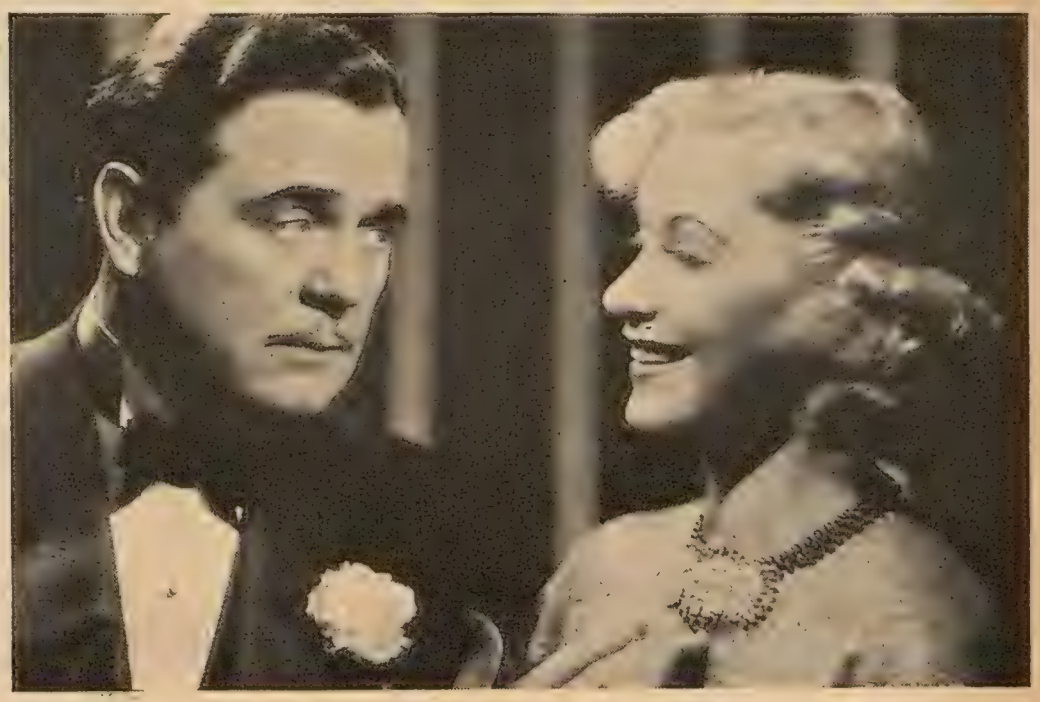
Forced by the plot to be off screen most of the time, Miss Moore does what she can with her silly role. Robert Allen is properly strong and handsome and Michael Bartlett, Miss Moore's vis-à-vis in the Bohème scene, is very worth hearing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tennessee Colonel Grace Moore opened her Hollywood career with two flops for M-G-M: A Lady's Morals (the life of Jenny Lind) and New Moon, with Lawrence Tibbett. With inadequate recording facilities of the time, screen couldn't hold her voice. So Grace Moore kept coming back. Harry Cohn gave her another crack at it. One Night of Love found conditions superadequate: story, equipment, director, the stars in their courses. Result: world success and director Victor Schertzinger's problem to top a hit with this one. The Moore started life wanting to be a Chinese missionary. Sang at Baptist Young People's meetings and decided to train her voice because she believed music soothes the savage breast and could sing heathens into seeing the light. Lost her voice early in her career and spent six clean husky months on a lonely island in the St. Lawrence River to have it come back stronger. Met her husb, Valentin Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain, on the Ile de France in 1931 and married him three months later after a case of movie love at first sight. She's constantly losing valuable belongings and by following her around you can probably earn a comfortable living collecting rewards. Likes to cook. Once won a five-buck prize in a cooking contest. It was for the best chocolate cake at her home-town fair. Files recipes from the four corners of the earth she's been. Write for her versions of café Brulot, pheasant à la Alfonso XIII, paprika schnitzel, sukiyaki, and aforesaid choccake. Probably picks up three to five hundred thousand in a good year, what with radio, concert, movie, and opera chanteusing. . . . Picture cost around $750,000, was three months in preparation and rehearsals and one in actual shooting time. . . . Making his debut: Michael Bartlett, born Edwin Alonzo Bartlett at North Oxford, Massachusetts, and of a D. A. R. background. Pa Bartlett, when not viewing ancestral portraits, is a textile king, and ma a semipro violinist. Michael was nicked Mike his first day at Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Connecticut. Played footer at Hotchkiss with Ducky (Yale) Pond, and also hobnobbed with Curtis Peters, now Peter Arno, a picture scratcher. Princetoned it and became a leading torch in the Triangle Club Shows, those hairy things in which football players will be girls. Then he went to Italy to bloom his tonsils. In 1928 he made his concert debut as Edoardo Bartelli, for Americans have a hard row to hoe in competish with the Mussolini screamers. After twelve years of rigid preparation, ups and downs in second-rate opera, road-company and Broadway operetta, Hollywood fleshpotsa, and this and thatta, he finally regained Hollywood and is now looking forward to the top spots. . . . Director Victor Schertzinger has been megging for twenty years. Wrote first musical score for a movie, Thomas Ince's Civilization, and maybe you've heard Marcheta, which he also bopped out? . . . Leo Carrillo isn't Italian. He's Spanish descent, as is Luis Alberni. Recently published a book of verse, Western Breezes.

★ ½ CALM YOURSELF

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Ralph Morgan, Nat Pendleton, Hardie Albright, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Ross, Herman Bing. Directed by George B. Seitz. Story by Edward Hope.

THERE is no reason to get excited about Calm Yourself. In it Robert Young, the Robert Montgomery of M-G-M's back lot, is seen as an energetic young man who goes about saying, "Calm yourself." When his girl's father fires him, Young sets himself up in business as a personal-advice corporation. Though the clients do not come pouring in, Young does well enough by acquiring Madge Evans, trapping thieves, and dashing about telling people to calm themselves. Betty Furness, Ralph Morgan, Madge Evans, and Hardie Albright are acceptable in parts that might as well have never been played.



Leo Carrillo and Grace Moore in Love Me Forever, in which a night-club owner turns patron of the arts.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lucien Hubbard produced this for M-G-M, which means it's a quickie. Lean swarthy Lucien's been around for years and has the knack of turning 'em out fast, cheap, and without fuss or feathers. Whenever M-G-M wants to save money on a lot of little ones in order to splurge on a biggie, they give them to Lucien. He has produced some biggies in his day, including Wings. . . . Edward Hope is one of Princeton's literary gifts to the world. Hailing from a small town, he fell into the pleasant world-wise amusing drinking group of New York newspaper intellectuals and became a writer of much success and no pretensions. Before fame came he was column conductor for the New York Herald Tribune. Stepped into the money when Howard Lindsay dramatized She Loves Me Not from one of his novels. Made about $125,000 on the play, including movie rights. . . . Arthur Kober, who screen-played this one from Hope's novel, started life with the idea of working his way up to being a writer, and now rates about $750 a week around Hollywood. . . . Robert Young started with a bang in Wet Parade. He is paying off a mortgage on a Bevhills home; he works hard; he hopes to buy a new and better car; he wants to build a nursery on his home; he dreams of traveling; wants to buy life insurance and annuities; thinks he's lucky because he has a good job, is doing the kind of work he likes, is married to a childhood sweetheart he's always wanted, and has a husky one-year-old child. . . . On the other hand, Betty Furness is waging a war against fashion designers because they do not consider young girls in their creations—consider only sophisticated women who look best in sables and satins. May open shoppes for best dressed cutie pies, and bang away. Betty never pays more than thirty dollars an outfit for her duddies.

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as told by

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in an interview with Julian Mason

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JAMES ROOSEVELT, the head of one of our oldest families, was a descendant of Isaac Roosevelt, one of the first senators from this state."

Of Franklin Roosevelt's father, so wrote Judge Henry E. Howland in the yearbook of the Century Association of New York for 1900.

"The record attests," went on the eulogy, "James Roosevelt's active usefulness as a business man, a philanthropic and public-spirited citizen, but, in addition to this, every one who knew him could bear witness to his high character, distinguished for its nobility and honor, to his geniality and kindness and to the charm of his manner. He was the very ideal of the gentlemen of the old school."

Int. photo
F. D. R., aged one, with his mother, Mrs. James (Sara Delano) Roosevelt.

Judge Howland used to tell of a dramatic incident of the sea. It happened on the passenger liner Germanic fifty years ago. This "White Star United States Mail Packet" was then one of the established queens of the seas. At the time of the Roosevelt trip in her, she was but ten years old. She had the then tremendous gross tonnage of 5,008, and she was equipped not only with the wonderful Harland & Wolff Belfast engines, but was also given sail as a four-masted bark. She still burned oil in her lamps, but she had the greatly advertised innovation: "An electric push-button in every berth. It takes but the touch of your finger, and the loud tingling bell summons assistance."

I asked Mrs. James Roosevelt if she remembered the story as Judge Howland had told it to me.

"Let me see," said the President's mother. "Franklin was fifty-three years old in January of this year, and he was a three-year-old baby when this happened. At Queenstown Mr. Roosevelt, the baby, and I boarded the Germanic, outward bound from Liverpool to New York, on Good Friday of 1885. My husband became a close friend of Captain Kennedy, the skipper of the ship. He used to get up at seven o'clock and have breakfast with the captain.

"When we were about 500 miles out from Queenstown we ran into a terrific head storm. People even called it a tidal wave. It struck us on Easter morning.

"On that Sunday my husband went up as usual to have breakfast with the captain. When he came down to my stateroom soon afterwards, he told me that the storm was so heavy that I would not be able to keep my foothold on deck. He therefore asked that I stay in bed.

"I told him that if I were going to drown, I'd rather do it out in the open instead of being shut up down there. But I reached over and got young Franklin, the baby, and put him on the foot of my bed. I had a green silk cloak. It was lined with fur and was very warm. So I wrapped the baby up in it, thinking to keep him warm, anyway. He played away as happy as could be.

"Suddenly the ship seemed to go down, down, down and down. It almost seemed to be sinking. There was a tremendous roar. A great wave had struck us.

"There was a rush down the passageway and water suddenly poured in through the door of the cabin. In an instant the floor was flooded eighteen inches deep. There was noise of overturning furniture, people running, seamen shouting. It was a thoroughly terrifying moment, but we kept our heads. My husband soon saw that no more water was coming in, so we stayed where we were.

"He went out to explore. He came back to report not only that the iron bulkhead of the reading room had been broken but also that the bridge and superstructure had been smashed and that Captain Kennedy had been knocked insensible by the wave smashing the charthouse. He said that the after cabins of the ship had not been flooded. We had a New York friend in one of them—Mr. Howland, who asked us to come back there, saying there was lots of room.

"There my husband brought news that all the lifeboats had been swept away by the sea, thus increasing the possibility of disaster. He also said that in his opinion the navigating machinery had been so severely injured as to make the further progress of the ship perilously difficult. He declared his intention of asking Captain Kennedy to turn back to Liverpool.

"The captain was really quite severely injured. But he listened to my husband's plea, and said, 'A White Star ship never turns back.'

"He added that his responsibility to his owners made him feel that he ought to keep on to New York.

"My husband spoke with equal positiveness of the line's responsibility to its passengers. Mr. Roosevelt felt that all our lives were at stake. He was sure that he was right. He left the captain and for a long time went about talking with the other passengers. Many of them were unwilling to oppose the captain's decision.

"The captain next pointed out that turning the liner in the face of the head storm was an extremely perilous maneuver. This argument further affected some of the passengers. But my husband held firmly to his point. Then they said that the captain's career would be jeoparded.

"Mr. Roosevelt argued with them that it was a choice of two evils, with the chances for safety greater in turning back. He added that he knew Mr. Ismay and Mr. Imbrie, who ran the line, and that he would write out a statement which he would take to them.

"He got up his round robin. It was signed by practically everybody. Its form appealed to Captain Kennedy. He finally gave in. So my husband, by his own force of mind and will, was the man who preserved the lives of that shipload. That, at least, is my opinion." It was also the opinion of Judge Howland.

Back at Liverpool, Mr. Roosevelt fulfilled his promise to the captain and the passengers. The line authorities agreed that the right thing had been done, and as soon as Kennedy recovered from his injuries he was restored to command. He continued to handle White Star liners until his death some years later.

THE END

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TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

● Helen Mae King is one of our leading graphologists. From handwriting she analyzes character at hospitals, insane asylums, and over the radio. Show her your handwriting and she will tell you what you are (in case you don't know).

Eugene O'Neill, says Helen King, writes the most interesting hand she ever had analyzed. Purely mental, she calls it, and pygmy in size. The *dumbest* handwriting she ever saw is that of a well known musician who writes in letters an inch high.

HELEN MAE KING

She says if you bear hard on the down stroke you are probably a grouch. If you slant your handwriting toward the right, you're affectionate; if you slant it toward the left, you're a pussyfoot. Writers who fail to cross their *t*'s are usually people who fail to cross life's bridges when they come to them.

Miss King's father writes a large, loose hand. Her mother writes a small, neat hand. Her father, Irish, proposed to her mother three days after they met. Her mother, of Dutch descent, kept him waiting five years before she said yes.

Helen King says the slant in the handwriting of left-handed people reveals character in exactly the opposite way to that of right-handed people. For left-handers certain meanings and analyses must be reversed.

● We have here the touching story of a circus millionaire. He made his millions putting on shows for the peepul. Now he tours our land far and wide in his great big motorcar, complete with chauffeur and wife. At some little Western town he will stop his car imperiously by the curb in front of a drugstore. A crowd always gathers to admire his majestic equipage. When the crowd has grown large enough to suit him he steps out and declaims:

"Thirty years ago I knew this town. I jerked soda here for my room and keep."

The innocent bystanders whisper, "Who is he, who is he?" Some one finally recognizes him from his newspaper photographs and says, "Why, he's so-and-so—the big circus man!"

Then away he drives, thoroughly satisfied. His wife doesn't care for these performances. *He* loves them. He's still putting on a show for the peepul.

● It seems possible that the Shirley Temple influence may be boosting our birth rate. This thought of mine was prompted by a conversation I overheard recently. Two women were talking.

"Every time I see Shirley Temple on the screen," said one of them, "I wish I could have a little girl just like her."

"Well," replied the other woman, "why don't you?"

● How accurately have you gauged your own power of passion? How hard can you love? How hard can you hate?

The confession of a widowed lady rather well along in years has prompted me to write this. She will soon be sixty. She said to me:

"I went berserk the other day. Never mind what made me mad. That doesn't matter. But I was so mad I could have killed some one. I used disgraceful language. Afterward I was terribly ashamed of myself."

"Were you," I asked this lady, "*really* ashamed of yourself?"

"No," she admitted, "I wasn't. I was glad to discover that I could still find something to be passionate about—at my age."

An honest woman. Show me another.

● With supreme confidence we girls now tune our voices into the talk when our men discuss sporting events. Yet how many of us, I wonder, could pass an examination in the masculine language of sport?

How many of us can answer the following questions correctly:

1—What are the *bangtails?*
2—Who does road work? And what *is* road work?
3—What are the *pachyderms?*
4—Locate the Braves, Cardinals, Yankees, Giants.
5—What does *under the gun* mean?

You are a better sport than I am if you can pass this test. Twenty points for each question. Sixty to pass.

● I recommend Margaret Mead's important new book, Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies. (Published by William Morrow & Co.)

● Chicken croquettes prepared the following way have always been a favorite dish in the south of Russia. They are different, and you will find them delicious.

Mix 3 cups finely chopped chicken with 4 cups cooked cornmeal mush, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, salt and pepper. Cool, then shape into little logs about 4 inches long. Roll in dry bread crumbs and fry in very hot fat. Drain on paper. Serve with green peas cooked slowly in very little water with a little chopped ham.

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

WIN BIG MONEY IN LIBERTY'S NEW

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

GAME OF MOVIE STARS

DRAWING NO. 3

NAME OF PLAYER.....

DRAWING NO. 4

NAME OF PLAYER.....

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.
2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

WHAT a chance for easy money! Liberty will pay 223 cash awards in this name-finding game. Your chance to win is excellent. In fact you may be the one to win the $500 cash First Prize! No matter if you neglected to start last week. Begin right now. Read the rules carefully and then find the name of a movie star in each of the above drawings. When you are sure that you have discovered the names, set them down as directed and file them conveniently pending the completion of your set. Now, if you are just starting and have given away or mislaid last week's Liberty, you will need the first two drawings. Mail a request for free reprints to the contest address in Rule 6. When you receive this material you can extract the names required and your set will be even with the field.

DRAWINGS 5 AND 6 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Holcomb tore into the room. "I've got you this time!" he said.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

A Boy in Desperate Plight . . . and Perry Mason Plans a Honeymoon!

Now Thrills and Bewilderments Pile Up Fast in This Exciting Tale

The CASE of the CARETAKER'S

PART SEVEN—CATS AND ALIBIS

MASON'S eyes were twinkling as he said, "Tell her to come in."

"And that was true about the police getting the cat from my place," Della said. "They told the manager they had to search my apartment. They got a passkey from her."

"Did they have a warrant?" Mason asked.

"I don't think so."

Mason, smoking his cigarette, said thoughtfully,

Cat

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"It puts you in something of a hole, Della. I'm sorry. I didn't think they'd look out there. Sergeant Holcomb is getting better and better—or worse and worse—whichever you want to call it."

"Why does he hate you so much?"

"Simply because he thinks I'm shielding murderers. He's all right, he's just zealous. Send Winifred in, and wait in your office," he added. "You might listen in."

She opened the door and beckoned. Winifred

Laxter entered, a big gray Persian cat on her arm. Her chin was up, her eyes defiant. There was a pugnacious set to her head.

Perry Mason looked her over with amused tolerance.

"Sit down," he told her.

"I lied to you," she said, standing by the side of the desk.

"About the cat?" he asked, looking at the Persian.

She nodded. "That cat wasn't Clinker—*this* is Clinker."

"Why did you lie to me?"

"I telephoned Uncle Charles, the caretaker, you know, and told him I wanted him to get rid of Clinker, that I wanted him to let me keep Clinker. He refused. So then I suggested as a next best thing that we could fool Sam Laxter into thinking he'd parted with Clinker. I told him to keep Clinker under cover and I'd send Douglas Keene out with another cat that would look like Clinker. He could use this other cat as a double and let it be very much in evidence; then, if Sam was going to poison any cat, he'd poison the other cat. Don't you see?"

Perry Mason, watching her shrewdly, said, "Sit down and tell me about it."

Her eyes were apprehensive.

"Do you believe me?"

"Let's hear the rest of it."

She sat down on the edge of the overstuffed leather chair. The cat struggled to free itself. She held it tightly, smoothing its fur, scratching it behind the ears.

"Go on," Mason said encouragingly.

When she saw that the cat was quiet once more, she said, "Douglas Keene went out there. He took the cat out with him. He waited for some little time for Ashton to show up. Then he came back to me for further instructions. He left the cat with me."

"But why did you tell me that the cat was Clinker?"

"Because I was afraid other people would say Douglas had taken Clinker with him, and I wanted to see if you thought that would be too serious. In other words, I wanted to get your reactions."

Mason was laughing now. The cat squirmed restlessly.

"Oh, for goodness' sake," Mason said, "let the cat down. Where did you get him?"

She stared steadily at him and then said defiantly, "I don't know what you're talking about. This cat is Clinker. He's very much attached to me."

The cat jumped to the floor.

"It would be a good story," Mason said with a voice that was almost judicial in its complete detachment. "It would help me out of a jam and it would be a swell out for Della Street. The cats sure look alike. But you couldn't get away with it. They'd find out sooner or later where you got the cat. There might be a big difference of opinion as to whether it was Clinker or wasn't Clinker. But in the long run it would put you on a spot, and you're not going to get put on a spot."

"But it *is* Clinker. I went out there and found him. He'd been frightened to death—poor cat—all the noise and excitement and finding his master dead, and everything—"

"No," Mason told her, "I'm not going to let you do it, and that's final. I suppose the papers are on the street and you've read that the police found Clinker in my secretary's apartment."

"They found the cat they *thought* was Clinker."

Mason said good-naturedly, "Baloney! Take your cat and go on back to your waffle parlor. Is Douglas Keene going to get in touch with me and give himself up?"

"I don't know," she said with tears in her eyes.

The cat, arching its back, started exploring the office.

"Kitty, kitty, come, kitty," Winifred pleaded.

The cat paid no attention to her. Mason's eyes were sympathetic as he stared at the tear-streaked countenance. "If Douglas gets in touch with you," he said, "tell him how important it is that he back my play."

"I don't know that I will. You d-d-d-didn't have to go ahead and s-s-s-say that. Suppose they should convict him and hang him for m-m-m-murder?"

Mason crossed to her side, patted her on the shoulder.

"Won't you have some confidence in me?" he asked.

"Don't think you've got to take the responsibility of this thing," Mason told her soothingly. "Don't go out picking up cats and figuring how you can work out an alibi for Douglas. You just dump all of that onto my shoulders and let me carry the load. Will you promise that you'll do that?"

Her lips quivered for a moment, then straightened. She nodded her head.

Mason gave her shoulder one last pat, crossed the office to where the cat was sniffing about, picked it up, carried it back to Winifred, and put it in her arms.

"Go home," he said, "and get some sleep."

He held the corridor door open for her. When he had closed it, Della Street stood in the doorway of his private office.

Mason grinned at her.

"A dead game kid," he said.

Della Street nodded her head slowly.

Mason said:

"How'd you like to cut corners, Della?"

"What do you mean?"

"How'd you like to go on a honeymoon with me?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TO protect his pet cat Clinker from being poisoned by Sam Laxter, the old caretaker of the Laxter family, Charles Ashton, puts his case in the hands of the celebrated Perry Mason, lawyer and sleuth. Singular facts come to light.

Shortly before being burned to death in his country house, Grandfather Laxter had changed his will, leaving everything to his grandsons, Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, and disinheriting his favorite granddaughter, Winifred Laxter. Also, the old man had converted a million dollars' worth of securities into cash, which had vanished into thin air.

Taking the trail, Mason and his detective, Paul Drake, discover that a shyster lawyer, Nathaniel Smith, representing Sam and Frank, has persuaded Winifred to sign a dubious document. Moreover, her sweetheart, Douglas Keene, thinks that Grandfather Laxter's nurse, Edith DeVoe, has a dark secret, and he mentions some mysterious "Koltsdorf diamonds."

Grilled, Miss DeVoe admits having seen Sam Laxter pumping carbon monoxide gas from his car motor into the hot-air furnace pipe leading to his grandfather's room, the night of the fire. It is also revealed that Caretaker Ashton is drawing on a cash-stuffed deposit box, and has paid the funeral expenses of an alienated half brother, Watson Clammert.

Calling on District Attorney Burger, Mason has the body of old Laxter exhumed. And that very night both Caretaker Ashton and Edith DeVoe are murdered, muddy cat-foot prints around the strangled man, a piece of blood-smeared wood alongside the body of the dead nurse.

Bloodstained clothes in his abandoned apartment point to Douglas Keene as the guilty man At the same time, word comes that Frank Oafley and Miss DeVoe were married a few hours before the crime.

Though he feels Douglas is innocent, Mason promises the police to have him surrender himself. But Sergeant Holcomb himself gets after the vanished suspect, and rounds up all the incriminating evidence, including Clinker, the cat.

Holcomb announces this to Perry Mason, but he had hardly left the lawyer's office before the lawyer's secretary, Della Street, announces:

"Winifred Laxter is in the outer office. She's got a Persian cat with her!"

She stared at him, eyes growing wide. "A honeymoon?" she asked.

Mason nodded.

"Why . . . oh . . ."

He grinned at her. "Okay," he said, "but first lie down there on the couch and get some sleep. If Douglas Keene rings in on the telephone, tell him that he must back my play. You can put up a stronger talk than I could. I'm going down to Paul Drake's office for a little while." . . .

Perry Mason, seated in Paul Drake's office, said, "Paul, I want you to turn your men loose on the new-car agencies and find out if a new car has recently been sold to a Watson Clammert."

"Watson Clammert," Drake said. "Where the devil have I heard that name before?"

Mason grinned as he waited for Drake's recollection to function. Suddenly the detective said, "Oh, yes, I remember. He's the person who shared a lock box with Charles Ashton."

"I presume the police have gone into that lock box," Mason said.

"Yes, and found it practically empty. They only found some of the paper wrappers used by banks in bundling bills of large denomination. Evidently Ashton had pulled out the bills and left the wrappers behind."

"Ashton or Clammert?" Mason inquired.

"Ashton. The bank records show that Clammert never did go to the safety deposit box. He's nothing but a name signed upon the card, so far as the bank knows."

"HOW much money do the police figure was taken from the box?"

"They don't know. It may have been a lot. Ashton was seen by one of the attendants stuffing bills into a suitcase."

"Did you check into that automobile accident Laxter had?"

"Yes. He was crowded into a telephone pole, just as he said—some drunken driver whipped around a corner."

"Any witnesses?"

"A few people heard the crash."

"Get their names?" Mason asked.

"Yes. They saw the tracks where Laxter had put on his brakes and skidded. They say he was on his side of the road at the time. He seemed excited, but perfectly sober."

"Where had he been before that?"

Drake said slowly, "I'm checking into that, Perry. When the police first talked with him they were investigating the death of Peter Laxter, the grandfather, and later on the death of Ashton, the caretaker. Laxter had a perfectly good alibi on Ashton's death. He'd left the house about nine o'clock and hadn't returned. Ashton was murdered between ten and eleven."

Mason nodded.

"Later on, Smith did the talking. He gives Laxter an alibi."

"*He* does?"

Drake nodded. "Smith says Lax-

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DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

ter was in his office at the time and they were talking."

"Talking about what?"

"Smith refuses to state."

"What a sweet alibi that is," Mason said scornfully.

"Wait a minute, Perry, I think it checks."

"How?"

"Jim Brandon, the chauffeur, had been with Laxter. He drove him up to Smith's office. Around eleven o'clock. Laxter told Brandon to take the car and go on home; that he'd come later. Brandon took the green sedan back to the house. That's when he saw Keene. It was shortly after eleven."

Mason started pacing the detective's office, his thumbs hooked in the armholes of his vest, his head thrust forward. At length he said, in the mumbling monotone of one who is thinking out loud: "Laxter, then, left the house with Jim Brandon in the green sedan, but he returned in Ashton's chevvy. How did he get that chevvy?"

Drake stiffened. "*That's* a thought," he said.

Mason said slowly, "Paul, put out a bunch of men to cover the apartment house where Edith DeVoe lived. Talk with all the inmates. See if any of them noticed the chevvy parked anywhere near that apartment house."

Drake pulled a pad of paper toward him and scribbled a memorandum.

"That would make a swell break," he said, "but it would take more than that to make Sam Laxter the fall guy. You see, the person who murdered Ashton must have killed him between ten and eleven. Then he must have taken Ashton's crutch with him and sawed it up into sections. Then he must have gone to Edith DeVoe's place. Now, if Sam can prove he was in Smith's office—"

"If that's the sketch," Mason interrupted, "and Brandon saw Douglas Keene leaving the house carrying the cat, where was Ashton's crutch? Douglas Keene wasn't carrying it with him."

Drake nodded thoughtfully. "That's so," he admitted, "but, of course, Keene could have tossed the crutch out the window that was always left open for the cat, then driven by in his car, and picked it up. I tell you, Perry, you've got a tough case here. If Keene doesn't get in touch with you, it's going to put you in a spot. If he surrenders himself, circumstantial evidence is going to hang him in spite of all you can do."

The telephone rang. Drake answered it and said, "For you, Perry."

Della Street was on the line. Her voice was excited.

"Come on up quick, chief," she pleaded. "I've just heard from Douglas Keene."

"Where is he?" Mason asked.

"He's at a public pay station. He's going to call back in five minutes."

"GET a line on that stuff, Paul," he said, "and get it fast. I'm going to be on the move from now on." He dashed out of the office, climbed a flight of stairs, and ran down the corridor to his own office. "Is he going to give himself up?" he asked Della Street as he rushed into his private office.

"I think so. He seemed sullen, but I think he's okay."

"Did you give him a good argument?"

"I told him the truth. I told him you were doing everything on earth for him and that he simply couldn't let you down."

"What did he say?"

"He sort of grunted, the way a man does when he's going to do what a girl wants him to but doesn't want to let her think she's having her own way."

Mason groaned loudly, and said, "Oh, you women!"

The telephone rang.

"Wait a minute before you answer it," Della Street said. "Do you know who's hanging around the street by the office?"

"Who?"

"Your little playmate—Sergeant Holcomb."

Mason frowned. The telephone rang again.

"Serious?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "they'll try to arrest him before he can surrender, and claim they nabbed him as a fugitive from justice, and—"

He picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

A man's voice said, "This is Douglas Keene, Mr. Mason."

Mason's eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Where are you now?"

"Out at Parkway and Seventh Streets."

"Have you got a wrist watch?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"What time does it show?"

"Thirteen minutes to eleven."

"Make it closer than that. How are you on seconds? Say 'thirty' when it's twelve minutes and thirty seconds to eleven."

"I've passed that," Keene said. "I'll say 'eleven' when it's just exactly eleven minutes to eleven."

"Be sure and call it right on the dot," Mason said, "because—"

"Eleven!" Douglas Keene interrupted.

PERRY MASON held his watch in his hand. "All right," he said, "you're about twenty-five seconds slow, as compared with my time. But don't change your watch. I'll change my watch so it'll be even with yours. Now listen, they're going to tail me when I leave the place, hoping I'll lead them to you. You walk down toward my office and stand on the corner of Seventh—that's just west of my office building—you know where that is?"

"Yes."

"At exactly ten minutes past eleven," Mason said, "walk out to the corner and catch the first eastbound streetcar that comes down Seventh Street. Pay your fare, but don't go inside the car. Stand right by the conductor where you can get off the car when I give you the word. I'll get aboard that car, but won't recognize you or speak to you in any way. A girl will drive a convertible coupé with the rumble seat open right alongside the car. She'll be going at the same rate of speed the car's going. It may be a block or it may be two blocks after I get aboard, but when I yell 'Jump,' you make a jump for that rumble seat. Can you do it?"

"Sure I can do it."

"Okay," Mason said. "Remember, ten minutes past eleven."

He hung up the telephone, grabbed his hat, and said to Della Street, "You heard what I told him. Can you do it?"

Della Street was adjusting her hat in front of the mirror. "And how!" she said. "Do I leave first?"

"No, I leave first," Mason said.

"And you don't want me to get the car out until after you've reached the corner?"

"That's right. Holcomb will tail me. If he thinks I've got a car, Holcomb will use a car. He'll have one parked somewhere near here. If he thinks I'm walking, he'll walk."

"What'll he do when you take the streetcar?"

"I don't know. How's your wrist watch?"

"I was listening over the extension telephone. I synchronized it with his."

"Good girl. Let's go."

Mason ran down the corridor, caught the elevator, and managed to give the appearance of strolling casually as he crossed the lobby of the building and reached the street. The thoroughfare was well crowded. Mason took the precaution of glancing hastily over his shoulder, but saw no sign of Sergeant Holcomb. He knew, however, that the sergeant was on his trail. The officer was too old a hand at the game to crowd his quarry too closely, particularly at the start.

In the street, directly opposite from the place where Mason was standing, was a safety zone. Mason walked aimlessly toward the corner, as though he had a few minutes to kill.

His wrist watch showed eleven ten.

Mason watched the signals a block away. A streetcar came through the signal, rumbled slowly down the block, and came to a stop at the safety zone. The signal changed so it was against the car. Mason acted as

though he intended to cross the street, and then, as though changing his mind, paused, undecided. The signal changed. The motorman clanged the bell of the car and sent it across the intersection. As the car rolled past him, Mason swung aboard the rear platform. Douglas Keene was standing by the conductor.

Mason heard the sound of running feet. Sergeant Holcomb, sprinting, just managed to catch the car as it gathered headway. Della Street, driving Mason's convertible coupé with the top down, was coming just behind the streetcar, holding a line of traffic behind her. As soon as Holcomb boarded the car, Della Street shot the automobile forward, so that the rumble seat was just even with the place where Keene was standing.

"Jump!" shouted Mason.

Keene made a leap for the rumble seat, landed on the cushions, clutched at the top of the car. Mason jumped to the running board and clung to the back of the front seat with one hand and the well of the rumble seat with the other. Sergeant Holcomb, who had dropped his fare into the box in front of the conductor, shouted, "Stop! You're under arrest!"

"Give it the gun, Della," Mason said, "and cut in front of the streetcar."

DELLA STREET'S shapely foot pushed the throttle against the floor boards. The car leaped forward. Mason flung one leg over the side of the car and got into the rumble seat.

"Police headquarters," he said to Della, "and give it everything it's got."

Della Street didn't even bother to nod. She cut the corner in a screaming turn.

Mason paid no attention whatever to the traffic, but concentrated his attention on Douglas Keene.

"Tell me about it," he said, "and don't waste words. Put your lips up close to my ear and shout, because I've got to hear every word you say. Give me just the high lights."

"Edith DeVoe telephoned me. She'd already told me about finding Sam in the car pumping exhaust fumes into the pipe. She wanted me to come out at once and see her. She said something important had developed. I went out. I rang her doorbell and there was no answer, but the manager of the apartment house was just coming out. I told him I had an appointment with Edith DeVoe, and kept right on going. He hesitated for a minute and then went on out. I went down the corridor to Edith DeVoe's room. She was lying on the floor. There was a club near her, and—"

"Yes, yes," shouted Mason. "Never mind that. What happened next?"

"I went directly to my apartment. Some one had been there before me. A suit of mine was spattered with blood. I didn't notice it right away."

"That was after you'd taken the cat to Winifred?"

"Yes, I left Winnie and went to my

MUTT AND JEFF NEARLY LOSE THEIR JOBS -
WELL, JEFF-- WE CAME NEAR BEING OUT OF WORK!
WHAT, NO MEAL TICKET?
NO FOOLIN'- OUR BOSS HAD SOME ACCIDENT!
GO AHEAD - TELL ME HE BROKE A PENCIL!
STUPID-HE HAD A BLOW-OUT AND HIS CAR DID HAND SPRINGS!
A BLOW-OUT THATS BAD NEWS!
ARE WE LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET KILLED!
WHEW! WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE!
Bud Fisher
"I'LL NEVER JOKE ABOUT A BLOW-OUT AGAIN" says BUD FISHER
Famous Creator of Mutt and Jeff

PLAY SAFE WITH SILVERTOWNS!

"MANY a time I've joked about a blow-out," says BUD FISHER, "but never again! On the way to Saratoga for the races, my car was completely overturned due to a blow-out. I was compelled to spend several months in the hospital, during which I had plenty of time to think of how important a part tires play in the safety of motoring. I'm not taking any more chances. I've equipped my car with Goodrich Silvertowns."

At today's high speeds, the *inside* of the tire gets as hot as boiling water. Sooner or later, this internal heat must escape. And it does. A tiny blister forms on the inside of the tire—between the rubber and fabric!—This blister grows bigger—BIGGER, until, BANG! A blow-out!

To protect motorists, GOODRICH engineers invented the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply—which resists internal tire heat and protects against these treacherous, *high-speed blow-outs.*

And examine the husky-cleated tread on these big Silvertowns. Then you'll see why they keep your car "straight-in-line" on wet slippery roads and give you months of extra "trouble-free" mileage! Equip your car with GOODRICH Safety Silvertowns. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires.*

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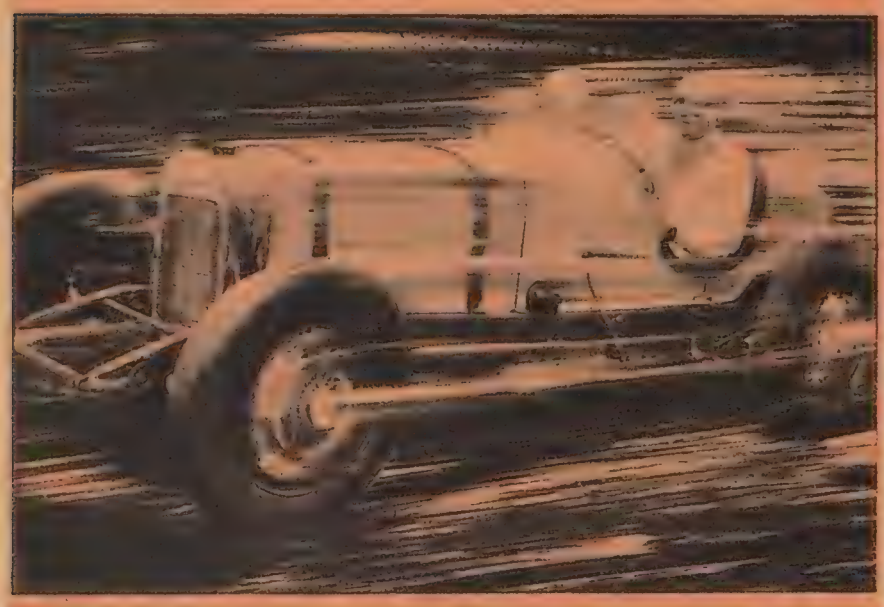
RACE DRIVERS USE NEW PENNZOIL IN CARS INSTEAD OF USUAL RACING CASTOR OIL



DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR CAR PLAY SAFE BY USING NEW PENNZOIL

This year's spectacular 500-mile Memorial Day speed classic marked an achievement more important than new speed records. For the first time in history, *a regular passenger-car oil*—the same New Pennzoil you can buy for *your* car—was the chosen motor lubricant instead of racing castor oil! More racing cars used New Pennzoil this year than castor or any other brand of oil.

Stands up at high speeds

Daredevil drivers flashed down straightaways and into saucer-like turns at speeds that would have been imaginary a few years ago . . . speeds at which motors actually burn themselves up . . . speeds that only special racing castor oil was formerly expected to withstand. Yet *New Pennzoil* withstood these speeds, allowed motors to work freely, run faster and cooler, kept moving parts *safely* lubricated.

Here is one more recognition of New Pennzoil's acceptance as the world's fastest motor oil . . . one more evidence that New Pennzoil's tough film stands up longer and safer under today's highest speeds and motor temperatures . . . one more proof that when you buy New Pennzoil you go farther, faster, safer—with greater driving economy.

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500 GRUELLING MILES WITH NEW PENNZOIL

These racing drivers used New Pennzoil instead of castor oil . . . another proof that New Pennzoil *stands up!*

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Stop along the highways wherever you see this sign. You will find a bonded Pennzoil dealer who sells the correct grade of New Pennzoil for *your* car.

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apartment. That was where I got Edith DeVoe's message."

"And you went from your apartment to see Edith?"

"That's right."

"How long after you got back to your apartment did you notice your suit had blood on it?"

"Almost at once."

"Then what did you do?"

"It was a nightmare. I tried to get rid of the bloodstains and couldn't."

"Why didn't you call the officers when you saw Edith DeVoe had been murdered?"

"I just lost my head, that's all. I was afraid they'd try to pin it on me. I was shocked and frightened. I just ran away. Then when I saw my clothes all spattered with blood— Ugh! It was a nightmare!"

"Did you kill Ashton?"

"Of course not; I didn't even see him."

"Did you go to the house to get the cat?"

"Yes."

"Were you in Ashton's room?"

"Yes."

"Did you look around any?"

Keene hesitated.

"Go on and answer."

"Yes, I was looking for something."

"What?"

"Evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"I don't know; I thought there was something fishy in the way Ashton had been spending money. I was just looking around. Jim Brandon hinted Ashton had the diamonds in his crutch."

"Did you wear gloves or did you leave fingerprints?"

"I must have left fingerprints."

"Now look here, Keene, wasn't Ashton there? Wasn't he dead? Aren't you trying to cover up something?"

"No," Keene said, "he wasn't there. I'm telling you the truth."

"You left before he came in?"

"So help me, Mr. Mason, that's the truth."

"Don't tell any one what you've told me," Mason said. "You're going to surrender at police headquarters. Refuse to talk unless I'm with you. You've got to do that in order to protect Winnie."

The youth nodded.

THE car skidded as Della Street made a turn, slammed on the brakes, and slid to a stop in front of police headquarters. Mason grabbed Keene by the arm, rushed him out of the car and up the steps. As he pushed open a door, Sergeant Holcomb, crouched on the running board of a commandeered automobile, with a gun in his right hand, jumped from the car to the pavement and sprinted for the door. Mason rushed Keene down the corridor to a room which said HOMICIDE SQUAD, kicked open the door, and said casually to the man at the desk, "This is Douglas Keene. He's surrendering himself into custody, in accordance with the understanding I had—"

The door burst open. Sergeant Holcomb tore into the room.

"I've got you this time!" he said to Perry Mason.

"For what?" Mason inquired.

"Resisting arrest."

"I didn't resist arrest."

"I was trying to arrest this man and you took him away from me; I don't give a damn if you did take him to headquarters. I had him arrested before you took him here."

"You can't arrest a man," Mason said, "until you've actually taken him into custody. After you've taken him into custody he can escape, but there can't be any arrest until the man is in custody."

"But you helped him beat it so I couldn't make the arrest. I'm going to get you for that."

Mason smiled and said, "You overlook one thing, sergeant. A private citizen can make an arrest when a felony has in fact been committed and he has reasonable ground to believe that the person he is arresting is the one who committed the felony. *I* put Douglas Keene under arrest."

Sergeant Holcomb pushed the gun back into his holster. The officer behind the desk said, "Take it easy, sergeant. Mason has surrendered him."

Sergeant Holcomb turned without a word and pushed out of the door. . . .

Perry Mason was chuckling as Della Street drove the automobile toward his office. "Turn to the left at Fifth Street, Della," he said, "and go to the Union Depot."

"The Union Depot?" she repeated in bewilderment.

He nodded. "The office is going to be too hot—you know, too many newspapermen, cops, detectives, district attorneys, and what have you. I want to use the telephone, and I'll go down to the depot while you're packing up."

She deftly avoided a jaywalking pedestrian, and passed him a sidelong glance. "What do you mean, while I'm packing up?"

"A couple of suitcases," he said, "a light airplane trunk if you have one."

"I have one."

"All of your party clothes. You're going to stay at an exclusive hotel, and I want you to put on a good show—act the part, you know."

"What's going to be my part?"

"A bride."

"The man in the case?" she inquired, as she slid the car to a stop when a traffic signal turned against her.

"He will only appear long enough to be very suddenly called back to town, interfering with his honeymoon most materially."

She was facing him now with calm steady eyes, in which there was a mischievous light. "And who is the husband going to be?"

He bowed. "Unaccustomed as I am to honeymoons, I shall do my best to act the part of an awkward groom during the few minutes between the time we register and when I am called back to town upon urgent business."

Her eyes dwelt upon his profile. Ahead of her a traffic light flashed from red to orange, through orange to green, and was unheeded. Behind her a chorus of protesting horns sought to call her to her senses. Her voice was vibrant. "You always believe in acting a part perfectly," she said. "Would it be natural for a newlywed husband to interrupt his honeymoon—"

She kicked the gear in, stepped on the throttle, and sent the convertible shooting across the intersection.

Mason lit a cigarette, offered it to her. She took it, and he lit another for himself. "I'm sorry," he said, "to wish this off on you, Della, but, you see, you're the only one I know whom I can absolutely trust."

"On a honeymoon?" she asked dryly.

"On a honeymoon," he answered tonelessly.

She snapped the wheel savagely, making the tires scream as the car slid around to the left and headed toward the Union Depot.

"You don't necessarily need to collect any traffic tickets en route," he observed.

"Shut up," she told him, "I want to collect my thoughts. To hell with the traffic tickets."

She sped down the street, deftly avoiding other vehicles, slid to a stop in front of the Union Depot.

"I meet you here?" she asked.

"Yes," he told her, "with plenty of baggage."

"Okay, chief."

He left the car, walked around the hood, took off his hat, and stood for a moment by the curb. She sat very straight in the seat. Her skirt, well elevated to allow free action of her legs and feet in driving the car, showed her legs to advantage. Her chin was up, her eyes defiant. She smiled into his face. "Anything else?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "you'll have to practice your best honeymoon manners, and quit calling me chief."

"Okay," she said, ". . . darling," and, leaning forward, pressed her mouth close to his surprised lips.

What in the name of all that is mysterious is Perry Mason's purpose in plotting a fake honeymoon with his secretary, Della Street, at this most critical juncture in the long twisted trail of fiendish murder? Read the next issue of Liberty for the startling consequences.

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 4—Showing Up Husbands in the Future

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU take little Millie Lee—the famous television dancer—out to dinner. You tell your wife that you can't be home to dinner because you are detained in a business conference. The Analysts of Human Behavior would not call that a lie; it's a necessary palliation—a deflection from literal factuality, necessary to prevent a misconstruction of motive. The Analysts are right, of course. Millie Lee is a cute little thing. She is young enough almost to be your daughter—but naturally you realize your wife would misunderstand.

After dinner you have to leave Millie at the broadcasting studio because she is dancing in several programs tonight. You are on the pedestrian level overlooking Broadway, almost at the studio, when you and Millie become chance observers of a most interesting occurrence. A man somewhere here in the crowd has just been robbed. The victim is resourceful. He remembers the system of street-alarm glares and lens-eyes, and as the thieves attempt their getaway he rushes to a near-by alarm box.

Within a few seconds this whole section of Broadway is bathed in a blinding actinic glare. All traffic is stopped; the stentorian electrical voice of the traffic director commands even the pedestrians to stand still.

A stricken tableau; and the lens-eyes permanently mounted at many points of vantage televise the scene to police headquarters and to the various news agencies. It is unfortunate for those two young thieves. Their instinct was to run, and before they could conquer it a dozen officers of the law had spotted them in the brilliant glare and pounced upon them.

Vice can thrive only in darkness; it dies in the light.

You get home by nine o'clock. You sit relaxed by the radio. You'd like to tune in on Millie Lee's program and watch her dance; but your wife is here beside you, and you skip Millie Lee. The little program-board-lights on the radio-top show that right now, if you like, you may see and hear Prof. John Wisecomb in his lecture, Killing Vice with Light. You tune in, and find the lecture in progress. Professor Wisecomb is saying:

"By courtesy of the police department, I can give you an illuminating example. This scene went out on the American Press Newsmirrors about thirty minutes ago. I reproduce it from the police permanent-film record."

Your two-foot-square radio mirror-grid brightens with the familiar scenes of Broadway under the actinic alarm-glare. Brief glimpses, rapid changes from a dozen different viewpoints. You get a close-up now of the dramatic capture of the two thieves . . . and other close-ups. . . .

You reach to shut the accursed thing off, but your wife grips your arm.

She says, "Well—well—well—"—like ice water slowly dripping. No! Much colder than that; like liquid air.

Vox Pop

MENTAL CRUELTY FOR MEN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—M. Winter in April 20 Vox Pop decries the idea of a man asking alimony. The letter pokes fun at the possibility of a husband sobbing out a story of mental cruelty.

I should like to inform M. Winter there is nothing funny about it. A man *is* entitled to alimony and a man *can* suffer mental cruelty. I *know*.

My former wife beat me upon the least provocation. She struck me if I did not do the housework to suit her. She had a violent temper. Nothing I could do would please her.

During the two years of our married life I suffered plenty of mental cruelty. She would go out in the evenings, leaving me to do the dishes while she danced or played bridge or went to a movie.

I actually left her once and went home to my father, but she came after me and talked me into going back. As soon as she got me home she gave me another beating. Lucky for me, a neighbor witnessed it and I had a clear case. I had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce, although I have to pay alimony.

I suffered mental cruelty if any one ever did and there is nothing funny about it.—*Prometheus Un-Bound.*

ANY PLAYER . . . SHOULD GET OUT

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Mr. Roosevelt can't take it. The game of politics is very much like the game of baseball. Mr. Roosevelt, playing in the national game of politics, cannot, like most players in the national game of baseball, accept the decisions of the umpire.

The United States Supreme Court is, in a way, the umpire of the national game of politics. Any player in either game not sport enough to accept the decisions of the umpire should get out. Mr. Roosevelt, on losing, immediately commences to yell about changing the rules of the game so he can play as he wants to.—*H. S. Jones.*

ST. JOHN, N. B.—The abolition of the NRA has stirred up controversy both in the United States and abroad.

Here in Canada the drastic decision passed down by the Supreme Court of our great neighbor is looked upon as an inevitable issue. Not that the NRA was impractical, but every thinking mortal knew that the pampered masses would never be able to fight it out side by side with their leader—to resort to popular slang, they couldn't take it.

The agitating element demand a short cut to prosperity—poor deluded fools! As if anything substantial could be the product of haste.—*E. C. Irvine.*

PARADE IN MOURNING

AUSTIN, TEX.—Why not have a Memorial Day for the automobile dead? They are quite as numerous, if not more so, than the soldier dead.

Have sixteen autos draped in heavy mourning: the first to carry a sign giving the number of dead in 1919, also the number of wounded; the second for 1920; and so on down the line until the last, which gives the total for the fifteen years.

Have this parade in each town, city, and hamlet throughout the country. An object lesson like this might do good.—*J. I. Boggs.*

FREE TIPS TO CRIMINALS

SEATTLE, WASH.—Is it not time our legislators do something to check the newspapers from persisting to act as stool pigeons to every criminal, gangster, and kidnaper in the United States? Is it any wonder our police, secret service, detective, and federal departments fail to show any rapid results or efficency in either locating or apprehending criminals, when the papers expose every anticipated move?

A free press is O. K. but free tips to criminals is pure murder!—*W. J. Wall.*

"PAP AND SPINACH"

TUCSON, ARIZ.—In the light of recent political events, is it not apropos to suggest that a new Constitution be drafted for these United States of America? Why try to keep a full-grown progressive country tied to the "pap and spinach" diet and kindergarten rules of its infancy? (Shade of Jefferson, avaunt!) And why clutter up the Supreme Bench with Rip Van Winkles who think only in the past tense?

What kind of a Constitution has England? or has it any? or is it still operating under the divine right of kings?—*American Citizen.*

WHO'D BE A BOY AGAIN?

THERE is talk, and even a solemn psychological questionnaire, going around as to whether "you would like to be a boy again."

Would you?

It seems there are a great many "ifs" and "ands" in the replies. The young people of today—those between twenty and thirty—are not for the idea to any noticeable degree. (Byron wrote his "once more who would not be a boy?" at twenty-two!)

And the older people answering the questionnaire appear to think that the decades between forty and sixty are the most pleasant and profitable.

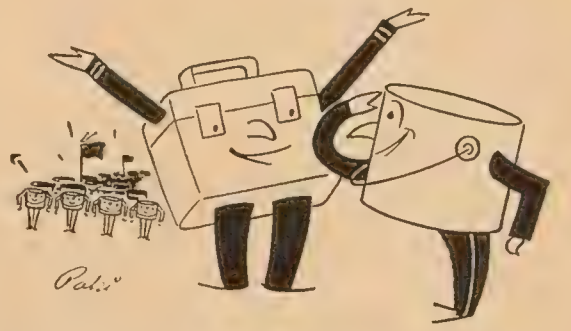
We'd like to hear what Vox Poppers have to say on the subject.—VOX POP EDITOR.

BEER CAN TO DINNER PAIL

PONCA CITY, OKLA.—Said a dinner pail to an old beer can, "We were the pride of the laboring man, but we've taken it right on the chin! Now we're just a couple of empty tins! Who ever thought that any tin can could be so rusty and get so jam'd!

"But we've given honorable service, so I have a plan I think will save us. We'll hire a political son of a gun to get us a dole and a bonus. And march right on to Washington and tell the world what they owe us!"

Said the old beer can to the dinner



pail, "The world is with us, we cannot fail! It is my conviction and contention that we're entitled to a pension! We'll summon all the pails and cans and join the other raiding bands!

"We'll demand that the administration, besides its other ministrations, grant tax exemption and maintenance, health insurance and entertainment! And besides these—if you please—abolish labor, old age, and disease!

"Grant these very reasonable demands of all empty buckets, tins, and cans, or, just as Moses led his band from the desert to the promised land, we'll march from the junk-yard mortuary right into the Public Treasury!"—*F. N. Mann.*

GETTING DATES STRAIGHT

FORTVILLE, IND.—In the June 15 Tisn't So, R. E. Doan says that George Washington was not born on February 22 and that he was really born on February 11, 1732.

Mr. Doan should be enlightened on this subject more fully before making such statements. He should have stated that according to his mother's calendar

Washington was born, not on February 22, but on February 11. The year according to his mother's calendar was 1731 instead of 1732. The year 1732 did not begin until March 1, as England and her possessions still clung to the old Babylonian scheme of beginning the new year with the month which included the vernal equinox.

On September 3, 1752, when all British lands and possessions adopted the

new Gregorian calendar, the eleven days were dropped from the calendar and September 3 was declared to be September 14. At this same time New Year's Day was changed from March 1 to January 1. Washington's birthday date was then changed from February 11, 1731 (Old Style calendar) to February 22, 1732 (New Style calendar).—*Owen E. Cummins.*

WHAT WINCHELL NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

BONHAM, TEX.—When Walter Winchell made the statement some weeks ago to the effect that the most beautiful women in the world are to be found in Dallas, Texas, I went right over there for a glimpse of these beauties.

I found that Winchell, as usual, was right. The most beautiful women in the world are in Dallas, Texas—only Walter neglected to mention that they went there from Boston, Brooklyn, and Richmond, Virginia.

The native dames not only are not beautiful but they paint bright red disks on their cheeks and talk through their noses.—*Stan White.*

RHEUMATIC SQUEAKS

MANITOWOC, WIS. — From stolid Wisconsin to sunny Florida, salutations. I read Jimmy B.'s letter in June 1 Vox Pop and I do so agree with his old-age pension view.

Why waste pensions on people who are past enjoying life?

I mind the time when I was young and loved to read and dally, just to sit by myself alone and dream beautiful dreams. Now I'm fifty-five and very industrious. The dreams are dead. The rose-colored glasses are broken. If the pension came my way I'd be sane and sensible. Those two words squeak like rheumatism. I say to you, boy, dream on and on.—*Mrs. J. M. Kadow.*

LOGICAL . . . LETHARGIC

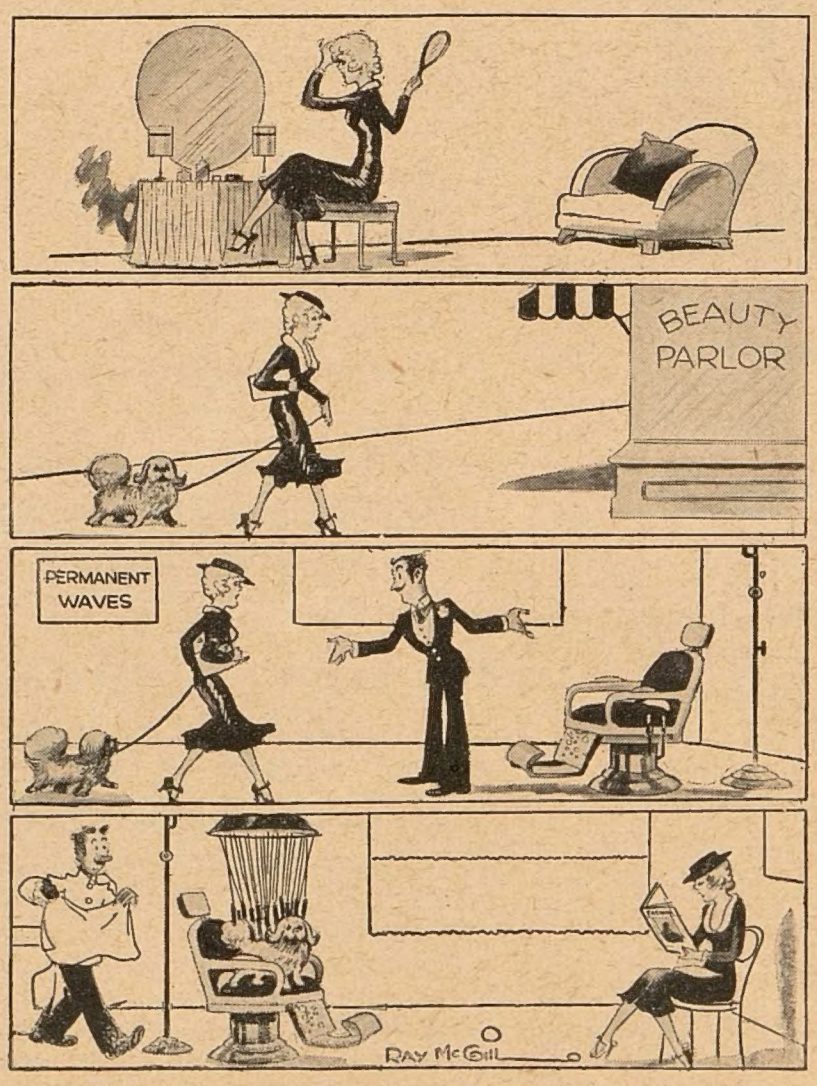
DETROIT, MICH.—Apropos of Mr. Macfadden's editorial in June 15 Liberty, I wonder why it is that all the newspapers and magazines put up such a howl when the government attempts to regulate business? It is high time that some one stepped in to make business knuckle down and give the common people a break.—*Pro-Roosevelt.*

CLAY, W. VA.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial in June 15 Liberty, The Administration's Attack on Business, seems very logical; but being in a lethargic condition caused by the noncirculation of blood and money, I failed to find any remedy for the devastation that has been caused by those who are regarded as business people and yet are not willing to help replace the money that was lost in the Great Wall Street Gamble of 1929.

I would be pleased to see Mr. Macfadden's plan for getting money in circulation so that the small business man, the laborer, everybody, could again say, "America is the land of opportunity."—*B. F. Murphy.*

ROYAL OAK, MICH.—Please allow me to compliment you on your editorial of June 15—The Administration's Attack on Business.

This editorial is very good and Liberty is to be highly commended for its publication.—*Frank I. Webster.*



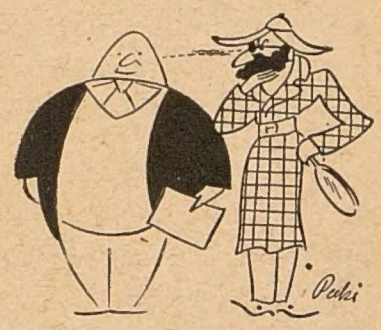
KINDA MAD AT US

DAYTON, OHIO—I'm kinda mad at you, Liberty. Having nothing to do today but to do nothing, I blew myself five cents for the June 8 issue. I was getting along fine—until 3.18 P. M., when I finished page 61—then the index!

I'm disgusted with ya! If you'd a had about 200 pages instead of a measly 62, I coulda kept on reading all the balance of the day. Why don't you give us our money's worth?—*Guy Haythorn.*

DARK MYSTERY

VENTURA, CALIF. — "Beverly Hills," said Holmes, "is the geographical pseudonym of a former male newspaper edi-



tor, age 42, height 5 feet 8 inches, figure —slightly rotund.

"My dear Watson, this is one case where it doesn't matter whether my deductions are accurate or faulty.

"Our brilliant critic hiding his identity behind certain topographical contours of southern California will continue to scintillate alliteratively and amusingly while Liberty enlightens the world on every other subject but the dark mystery of one Beverly Hills."—*L. G. D.*

POP OVERS

FALLSTON, N. C.—The New Dealers named themselves before they dealt the cards. Too many people have to draw to broken straights since the cards were passed around.—*W. R. Gary.*

PADUCAH, KY.—What we most need in this age of juvenile delinquency is adult training for potential mothers and fathers.—*Jas. Allen.*

TACOMA, WASH. — Those dizzy dolls you read about and hear in radio stories are only fabrications of some male imagination.—*Dorothea.*

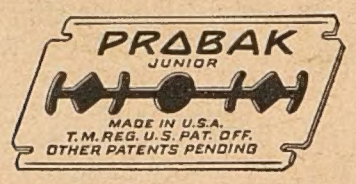
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Give me Liberty — Macfadden, Kropotkin, Vox Pop, Trotsky, Twenty Questions—or give me my nickel back.—*D. J. Baugh.*

HARTFORD, CONN. — The average young fellow today has as little mental peace as the soldier at the front; less, for the soldier at least can fight.—*Warren R. Dacey.*

SMOOTH SHAVES

—at a new low price

● Down went the price of shaving comfort with the introduction of Probak Jr. the famous new double-edge razor blade. Amazingly keen, this blade is especially produced for men with tough beards. It is automatically ground, honed and stropped to give you one easy shave after another—at the lowest price ever. Ask your dealer for Probak Jr.



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